

THE LUTE.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF MUSICAL NEWS.

No. 8.—VOL. II.]

Registered for Transmission Abroad.

AUGUST 1, 1884.

[PRICE 2d.; POST FREE 3d.]

Annual Subscription, Post Free, 3/-.

PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

V.

It is with extreme diffidence that I attempt to record my impressions of the pianoforte playing of the greatest and most lavishly-gifted performer upon that instrument whose executant feats have heretofore come under my personal cognizance. He who essays to describe the audible outcome of Francis Liszt's genius, as expressed by that transcendent artist's fingers upon the keyboard, should be a combination of Berlioz and Ruskin—a musical and literary capacity of the very first water. For Liszt is universal in his playing, equally a master of all schools and styles, including his own; which latter—from physical as well as intellectual disabilities—other pianists experience great difficulty in mastering. The Canon of Albano was an elderly man when I last heard him play during the Æcumenical winter in Rome, between fourteen and fifteen years ago, and very possibly has lost the inimitable force and flexibility which then characterised his execution; but at that time his normal powers were unimpaired (at least, so I was assured by musicians who had heard him in his prime), and the miracles he worked upon the clavichord where at once so astounding and so beautiful that, by comparison with them, all I had thitherto experienced in the way of accomplished pianism appeared to me as naught. In what I will venture to designate as "orchestral playing," the extraordinary length and elasticity of his fingers enabled him to surpass all other performers. To him tenths were intervals as easily compassed as octaves are to pianists whose extremities are cast in the ordinary mould; he could play them in rapid sequence, with as many intermediate notes as he had fingers to fit to them. As to his execution, he seemed to plunge his hands into the keyboard and withdraw them thence teeming with passages of the most amazing difficulty, which he scattered abroad without the least manifest effort.

It was my good fortune at different times, in Vienna and Rome, to hear him play a few of the great masterpieces of Beethoven, as well as a good many of his own original compositions and inimitable "transcriptions;" moreover, he extemporised twice in my presence—the first time at great length upon Schubert's exquisite Serenade (Staendchen), and the second, more briefly, but with surprising elaboration, upon "Batti, batti." I have therefore been able to appreciate his various qualities as a performer in their three principal developments; and in all three I found him not only unrivalled, but unapproachable. His interpretation of Beethoven,

whilst distinguished from that of almost every other great cotemporary pianist by a devout fidelity to the *tempi* and worded or marked instructions of the composer, was at once dignified, romantic, and passionate. All the secrets of the great Master's conceptions were revealed and explained by Liszt's magic touch. Although I had played the notes of the "Appassionata" and the "Adieu" times innumerable, and listened to many more or less intelligent renderings of those sublime works, I had never felt their full grandeur or understood their exalted significance until Francis Liszt's genius expounded them to me, upon an instrument such as Louis von Beethoven knew not when he wrote his ineffable P.F. sonatas. The living player merged his own remarkable individuality in that of the dead composer; or else the spirit of Beethoven moved his interpreter for the time being; at any rate, the result of either psychical process was one never to be forgotten.

To hear him play his own compositions or arrangements in private, was almost to hear him extemporise. When performing them in public, I believe he usually adhered to their printed text; but in the *salon* or clubroom (the last time I listened to him was during a *soirée* given by the German Club at Rome, in December, 1869), surrounded by intimate friends or approved musicians, he could seldom resist the temptation of trying experiments in the way of treatments or cadences, and especially delighted in surprising those familiar with his pianoforte works, by interpolating therein new episodes or novel effects. I particularly remember hearing him deal in this irreverent and startling way with his admirable transcriptions of *Faust* and *The Flying Dutchman*, to the rapturous astonishment of all the pianists present, who were "note-perfect" in those *chefs d'œuvre* of mechanical contrivance. Upon the occasion referred to, Cardinal Haynald, Liszt's dearest friend and the companion of his boyhood—himself, moreover, an excellent pianist—who, like myself, was standing close to the piano, threw his arms round his illustrious fellow-countryman's neck, kissed him on both cheeks, and then, turning to the electrified group of listeners, exclaimed, "Was there ever such a God-gifted creature, so fertile in invention, so strangely enabled to realise in sound the beautiful thoughts that incessantly surge up from the depths of his soul to its surface? We must all reverence as well as love this great man, recognising in him an elect recipient of Divine favour, grace and inspiration!" Indifferent as Liszt had become—and how could it be otherwise, looking back to his interminable list of public triumphs—to plaudits and social worship, he

was visibly touched by the heartfelt words of his old friend, and gave vent to his emotion in an outburst of Hungarian melody, harmonised and embellished with the utmost richness and elegance. That night was an ambrosial one, ever to be gratefully remembered by those who were privileged to participate in its delights.

It was, however, when avowedly improvising, that Liszt "let himself go," giving full rein to his fancy or humour of the moment, and indulging, to the top of his bent, in the exaggeration of technical difficulty. At such times, stimulated by strong excitement, he would put forth to their utmost executive limits the exceptional physical forces with which nature had gifted him, and would achieve what, to any other pianist, had been impossible. Practice and will had so disciplined his fingers and accustomed them to fulfil infallibly the orders transmitted to them from his brain, that, in all probability, the word "difficulty" (in connection with *technique*) had ceased to possess any exact significance, as far as Liszt the executant was concerned. Nobody who has heard him improvise can doubt that, absolutely free from any kind of pre-occupation as to the ability of his hands to execute whatever he may call upon them to do, he gives play to the creative and constructive faculties of his intellect without troubling himself in the least about the mere mechanical instruments attached to his wrists. However unexampled the sequences or complicated the groups of notes suggested by his imagination, he unhesitatingly gives them expression, being certain that his executant machinery can and will carry them out faultlessly in obedience to an unconscious exercise of volition on his part. This has always seemed to me one of the most extraordinary powers ever acquired and wielded by a human being. Within my remembrance only three pianists have possessed it—Liszt, Mendelssohn and Rubinstein, the first-named in a far higher degree of development than the other two. To be able, without an instant's warning or preparation—for, in these cases, execution is absolutely simultaneous with conception—to reproduce in organised combinations or successions of sounds the fantasies of genius or problems of science is a faculty so seemingly superhuman to those who have it not that I can conceive it to be utterly incomprehensible, and even incredible to the vast majority of mankind. Were the phenomena of Liszt's improvising feats, for instance, recounted in cold blood to any unmusical person of fair average intellect, it would scarcely be surprising should his only comment upon the statement be "I do not believe a word of it, because it is impossible!" Extemporisation of this class—like transposition at sight, or those all but instantaneous feats of mental arithmetic with which George Bidder used to dumbfounder the ablest ready-reckoners of his schoolboy days—is and must ever remain a more than Eleusinian mystery to the children of men in general.

As it is universally admitted by members of the craft, that Liszt has been, for at least fifty years of his life, pre-eminent amongst pianoforte players in

interpretation, execution, and improvisation alike, there is, I think, abundant justification for the belief I have entertained ever since I first heard him perform—namely, that he is in all respects the greatest pianist who ever lived. This, moreover, was Richard Wagner's opinion of him. Wagner, who was not given to hero-worship, and whose capacity for enthusiasm was always kept under control by his critical faculty, frequently confessed that words failed him to express his wondering admiration of the gift that enabled Liszt to invest himself with the personality of whatsoever composer whose works he might be engaged in rendering. On one occasion he wrote, in relation to this speciality of his illustrious son-in-law: "He who has enjoyed frequent opportunities, particularly in a small intimate circle, of hearing Liszt play—Beethoven's music, for example—must have realised the fact that the playing in question was not mere reproduction, but actual production. The real boundary-line between these two achievements is not so easily settled as most people believe; but this I have ascertained beyond dispute—that in order to reproduce Beethoven, one must be able to produce with him. It would be impossible to make this comprehensible to those who, as long as they have lived, have heard nothing but ordinary performances and professional renderings of Beethoven's pianoforte works. In the course of time I have gained so melancholy an insight into the evolution and essence of such renderings that I had rather not wound anybody's feelings by expressing myself more clearly with regard to them. On the other hand I would ask all musicians who have, for instance, heard Beethoven's Op. 106 or 111 played by Liszt to friends in private, what they previously knew about those compositions, and what they learned of them upon those occasions? If this was reproduction, assuredly it was worth much more than all the sonatas reproducing Beethoven which are 'produced' by our pianoforte composers in imitation of those imperfectly comprehended works. The peculiarity of Liszt's development as a musician was simply this—that he did at the piano what others do with pen and ink; and it is undeniable that even the most original composer, during his first period, does nothing but reproduce. . . . At Weimar once, during the very day upon which I became certain that my personal safety was endangered" (he was compelled to quit Germany, being under prosecution for political offences), "I saw Liszt conducting a rehearsal of my opera *Tannhauser*, and was wonder-stricken in recognising in him my second self. What I had felt in composing that music, he felt in performing it; what I wanted to express when I wrote it down, he actually expressed in giving it sound. It was strange that, at the moment when I was about to become homeless, I should gain, through the appreciation and adaptability of this inestimable friend, a real home for my art, which home I had theretofore invariably longed and sought for in the wrong place. . . . At the close of my last sojourn in Paris, when I sat brooding over my sad fate, ill, wretched and des-

perate, my glance fell upon the score of *Lohengrin*, and all of a sudden I felt a piteous grief that this music should never be transferred to sound from the surface of the pallid note-paper. At once I wrote a few words to Liszt; he replied that preparations for the performance of the opera were even then being made on the largest scale that Weimar's restricted resources would allow. Everything that men and means could do to make the work intelligible was done; but errors and misconceptions impeded the wished-for success. What was to be done to supply the lacking elements, to bring about a true understanding between all those who engaged in the production, and to ensure the ultimate triumph of the opera? Liszt saw it at once, and *did it!* He it was who gave to the public his own impression of the work in a manner, the irrefutable eloquence and overwhelming efficiency of which remain unequalled to the present day."

It is, I fear, unlikely that the readers of THE LUTE will ever hear the King of Pianists play, at least in this country. Franz Liszt will complete his seventy-third year on the 22nd of October next, and for some years past has not only steadfastly declined to play in public, but has abstained from composing pianoforte works, and, indeed, music of any but a religious kind. Wagner's death was a heavy blow to him, and since that sad event he has lived in comparative retirement.

WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

A PLEA FOR OPERA-BOUFFE COMPOSERS.

It has always been a matter of great surprise to me that while the theatre-goer and play-writers can appreciate Tragedy, Comedy, and Burlesque with equal delight, musicians and music-lovers divide themselves into different camps and begin to war against each others styles; not only this, but a portion of the public, including the music publishers, think a Frenchman can only compose opera-bouffe; a German, Concert music and Italian operas; and an Englishman Royalty songs. This kind of thing only exists in England, and its suppression would do more good than any number of Royal Colleges of Music. As for opera-bouffe, or to give its proper title operetta, because opera-bouffe means in Italian a comic opera, like Rossini's *Barbiere di Seviglia*, some people think that a composer who can degrade his art by writing such music is but fourth-rate, or else a classical composer gone to the dogs, and say that these works are made to sell. Well, of course they are made to sell. I do not suppose they are written to be given away like tracts, or to be relegated as waste paper for the butterman's use. There seems to be an impression that a composer must live like a Grub-street poet and grind his existence away in giving shilling lessons to born idiots.

In most newspapers the dramatic critic undertakes to criticise the opera-bouffe, because, I suppose, it is not worthy a place among respectable compositions. Now, if it is unworthy of a corner

next to a notice of Beethoven, then, surely, it is insulting the memory of Shakspeare. Of course, one would not think of comparing Wagner's *Meistersinger* with Offenbach's *Grand Duchess*, or the comedies of Beaumarchais, Molière, and Sheridan with the farcical plays of the present day; yet they are quite as worthy in their own sphere. What opportunity have composers for producing their lyrical works in Paris and London? The Englishman's only chance is to write a cantata, which is not much better than a bastard opera; and, unless he has influence to back him up with the conductors and promoters of the great provincial festivals, he has to content himself with a single amateur performance, given in a school-room, with simply a pianoforte and harmonium accompaniment. The majority of Frenchmen who write operas, either have to cross over to Germany and Italy, or let them remain in their desk for 18 years, like Reyer's *Sigurd*, which is certainly one of the finest operas of modern times, and yet the composer had to have it produced in Brussels after much worry. I must say that it is a disgrace to France, that an Opera-house with a heavy subvention of thirty-two thousand pounds a year, and rent free, cannot see their way to give more encouragement to modern art. Even Gounod and Ambroise Thomas have to wait five or six years before their operas are produced, and M. Reyer had to content himself with writing the musical articles in the *Journal des Débats*. The Opera Comique is nearly in the same state, so that it is quite natural that composers should pass over to La Renaissance, the Bouffes Parisiennes, and the other theatres devoted to this class of entertainment, where they find a ready acceptance for their works. Most of the composers began their musical life quite differently; for instance, Offenbach the originator of this species of opera, used to be known as an accomplished violoncello virtuoso, and he even played at the London Musical Union, when that well-read musician Professor Ella was director. Lecocq was a composer of sacred music before he won a prize offered by Offenbach for a one act operatta called *Le docteur Miracle*; Bizet also competed, and the two scores were found so good that Offenbach divided the prize between the young composers, and performed their works on alternate nights to the gratification of the Parisian public, who little thought that both were destined to create for themselves such a world-wide reputation. Hervé, Vasseur, Audran, and Chassaigne have also written other kinds of music; while Planquette, the talented composer of *Les Cloches de Corneville*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and *Nell Gwynne*, though he is one of the youngest of them all, may be considered the successor of Offenbach, owing to the ready fund of melody he seems to possess. In fact he is the Bellini of the opera-bouffe. M. Pougin, in his supplement to Feti's *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens* attacks him as an uneducated composer, because he did not stop the usual time at the Paris Conservatoire, and charges him with ignorance of the rules of music. This is untrue. We find evidence in his works that he has studied the classical masters both in melody

and orchestration. On the other hand, Gustave Chouquet, the learned librarian of the Conservatoire, in his notice of Planquette in *Grove's Dictionary of Musicians*, praises him for his great talent, and hopes he will devote himself to the higher branches of his art. There are many more French composers I could mention, would it not occupy too much space, because it is quite natural that France, the real home of opera-bouffe, should have given us a larger number of composers than any other nation.

In England many excellent musicians have joined the ranks. Sullivan is well known in other works, Cellier has produced a cantata on Gray's well-known Elogy, at a Leeds Festival, and an opera to words by Longfellow, called the *Masque of Pandora*, in America. Clay has shown in his cantata, *Lalla Rookh*, that he can write serious music; and Florian Pascal completed his education at Leipzig Conservatoire. Solomon is now touring with an English comic opera company in France, performing his *Billy Taylor*.

The Germans have contributed very few to the list. The most prominent is Flotow, the composer of *Martha*, who was more a Frenchman in style and manners than a German. But, on the other hand, their cousins in Austria have enriched the repertoire. Suppé, for instance, is known also by some very beautiful overtures, especially the "Poet and the Peasant;" Strauss, originally a composer of dance music before he wrote opera-bouffe, is now writing a grand opera for the Vienna Opera-house, to a libretto by the Hungarian poet, Maurus Tokai; and Millöcker, the composer of the *Beggar Student*, seems to be, judging from the score of that operetta, a very clever and melodious composer.

In Italy we rarely find a composer devoting his talent to this kind of composition, because even in the small towns there are grand opera-houses, and plenty of opportunity is afforded to composers who have any talent. But Italian composers residing in other countries have shown that they are not deficient in this branch, notably Bucalossi, with *Manteaux Noirs*. Surely this array of names shows that there is no dearth of good opera composers, as some cynics insist, but simply a want of opera companies and audiences. While the public give their support to opera-bouffe, composers are perfectly justified to cater for them; besides, light music is quite as necessary to body and mind as light literature—one cannot always read "Aristotle" or "Milton's Paradise Lost;" always listen to Wagner and Beethoven. Nature requires a change. What we want is music suitable for the present, for the public can grow tired of music written in imitation of composers of two centuries ago, and weary of music supposed to be composed for future generations. Some musicians may scorn the idea of descending to the public level, but they forget that they depend upon the public for their living, not upon their brothers and sisters in art; besides, it is more honourable to earn one's living in a legitimate manner than to pass the hat round and become a musical charity, "supported by voluntary contributions." Certainly it is more

easy to detect the want of genius in light music, because the over-elaboration is used by some composers as a cloak to hide their poverty of ideas. Rossini said that he liked music that pleased his ears; and he is quite right. Why should we condemn Mendelssohn, as many advanced musicians do, because of Wagner's antipathy to that great composer; or dislike Meyerbeer on account of Schumann's remarks on *Robert le Diable* and *Les Huguenots*. Many amateurs seem scarcely aware of the fact that nearly all the great men in arts and sciences have a very poor opinion of their contemporaries. There is room for all styles; each has a right to exist, and each has a mission to perform.

ANDRÉ DE TERNANT.

THE will of the late Sir Michael Costa suggests more than one reflection, and, first of all, the musical public will marvel how it came to pass that an appeal for pecuniary aid, in the shape of a money testimonial, was made to them some twelve months ago. We have no right to question the good faith of those members of the Committee who declared that they had "reason to believe" a purse of money would be acceptable to the then living musician. Doubtless the gentlemen in question spoke to the best of their knowledge, but it is clear that there was a mistake somewhere. Either Sir Michael Costa, in his enfeebled condition, did not understand the matter of the proposed testimonial as it was put to him, or he had succeeded in keeping his nearest friends ignorant of the extent of his resources. We, however, do not wish to dwell upon this further than is necessary to indicate the need for greater care in future. The amount subscribed towards the testimonial will, we trust, be devoted to the worthy purpose upon which Sir Michael set his heart. When a man leaves the whole of his property in reversion to a public institution, it is clear that his memory is most fittingly honoured by following the same course. Sir Michael needs no monument of marble. "His name liveth evermore" in the scholarships to be founded at the Royal Academy of Music—scholarships that reflect upon him the utmost honour. A morning contemporary described the provisions of Sir Michael's will as a "loyal bequest." The term is correct, for they show perfectly loyalty to the testator's adopted country; to the art by which he lived, and to the cause of musical education through which that art is perpetuated.

MILITANT WAGNERISM in London has apparently shrunk to the dimensions of a drawing room. There was a time when, in a flush of self-conceit, it threatened to overwhelm us with its turgid flood. But Englishmen are not Germans. They have their own notions of what constitutes good music, and decline to be persuaded out of them by ever so much muddy philosophy. Even Arthur Schopenhauer has no authority on this matter in their eyes. They remember that the great masters wrote immortal works without reference to "The World as Will and Idea." The result we see in the growing indifference of our public to Wagner and all his ways. Their curiosity has been satisfied, and their approval not secured. Upon this we naturally find the apostles of the rejected creed drawing themselves closer together for mutual aid and comfort. The United Richard Wagner Society is, after all, very much like a forlorn hope, and there is something quite pathetic in the aspect of the London branch

as its members come together at Lord Dysart's to tell each other that they are indubitably right and everybody else wrong, or to hear a gentleman play selections from the *Nibelung's Ring* on the piano. No one will be hard-headed enough to begrudge them whatever consolation arises out of these exercises. But who is to console Herr Franke for the failure of the German opera season, which was based upon Richard Wagner? The United Richard Wagnerians ought certainly to "send round the hat" and show that their zeal is equal to sacrifice.

In making war upon conventionalities in the limner's art, Ruskin has at all times been able to call in Nature to act the part of Iconoclast, to shatter the rickety images of the studio. A corrector of vices in the musical art has no such a force within call. Nature refuses to act for him either as judge or advocate. She gives for guidance neither law nor precedent. Her unit runneth not in the realm of music. The utmost that can be done to an offender is by an appeal to the rules and practices the great masters have adhered to; which, by the bye, is oftentimes very like turning from one conventionality to another. Still, where there is no law, precedent must become a great matter; and, Nature being silent, all the more necessary is it that the works of the classic authors should be constantly heard. It is not enough that they are explained and studied in the class-room, but they should be heard under every possible advantage. Especially should this be with orchestral works. Possibly the teacher of singing, or of any particular instrument, may be able to enforce precept by example, but the instructor in orchestration is comparatively powerless without the illustrations a full band can supply. It may not there fore be out of place to ask, how often does the scholar, at any one of our music schools, go to the orchestra for a lesson? Instead of living as it were in the atmosphere of instrumentation, is he really allowed to be content with instruction given amidst the distractions of the class-room? It would not be amiss if examiners were to raise these questions before granting certificates or rewards. The sooner the directors of our colleges and academies become aware that the public orchestra can alone enforce their educational theories, the sooner will our young English musicians become, what few now are, masters of instrumentation.

THE London season just expiring has been generally condemned as the dullest and most unproductive within the memory of artists and speculators in art. There can be no doubt at all that concert-givers have some justification for indulging in the national propensity for grumbling. Instead of gains, never, by the bye, of much account in concert business, the receipts have almost invariably been lighter than the expenditure. But the speculator neither claims nor deserves much sympathy; for is he not open in future to invest his capital, if he luckily has any, or to expend his skill and labour upon some other article of merchandise? Is not the whole world before him? He has indeed only to fit up his show with a more alluring stock. The affair offers a very different aspect to the artist—the singer or player—who has little besides his executive skill to present to the public. And when that is unheededly passed by, when few will listen, and fewer still are disposed to "pay the piper" then hope is apt to fail even him, the most sanguine, perhaps, of mortals. Assuredly the musician has that kind of temperament which keeps him from readily despairing of ultimate fame and future. Else at the present juncture the fiddle-bow would be cast aside, the

key-board locked, and the vocal chords restrained. Instead of this, however, music at the present time is adopted as a calling by our youth, with an ardour that admits of no misgiving. Our music-schools are crowded to an extent hitherto unknown in our history, and thousands of performers are yearly pressing into the professional ranks. Everywhere the teacher seems to prosper, while the executant, especially the vocalist, is left to languish. Valuable as he undoubtedly is, the drill sergeant, with his raw recruits, does not stand for an army. The distinguished leaders of the present educational movement will soon have to devise measures for securing occupation for the multitudes now undergoing instruction. This will be absolutely necessary, unless the public show more interest in purely musical performances than they have manifested this departing season.

THERE is little danger of any composer of the present time introducing an air of a previously written opera, as Mozart did, when quoting "Non piu andrai," as a sign of rapidly acquired popularity, in the supper scene of *Don Giovanni*. Composers now-a-day would not be guilty of betraying a conceit so puerile, and would altogether scorn to do anything so common and vulgar. For is not melody itself abandoned, and left to its most fitting utilizer, the writer for the Music Hall? Yet the outside public can hardly understand why great musicians decline the use of an agent so natural and irresistible. They are conscious of being deprived thereby of a hold by which they may cling to a work. They feel that orchestral colour is too evanescent, and elaborate combinations are too abstract; that melody, clear and definite, is to them the only distinguishing and abiding mark, which, like an "election cry," sums up and stands for the whole subject.

THAT truly great dramatic and vocal artist, Rosa Sucher, whom every visitor to Covent Garden Theatre during the late German opera season so regretfully missed, has nearly terminated her four years' contract with the management of the Hamburg Opera-house, and is about to transfer her household gods—we trust, including her gifted husband, the Kapellmeister—to Vienna, where she has concluded a lucrative and not over onerous engagement with his Excellency the Imperial, Royal and Apostolic Intendant-General of the Hofoper, Baron Leopold von Hoffmann. She has therefore now attained the apogee of every German prima donna's ambition, by becoming the "absolute first lady" of the leading European dramatico-musical institution. Many years have elapsed since the Hofoper, with all its splendours, dignities, and advantages, has possessed so beautiful and talented a "principal" as Rosa Sucher, combining in her magnificent personality all the merits of Dustmann, Ehnn, and Wilt, and none of their physical or artistic drawbacks. It has only taken this admirable artist ten years to work her way upwards from the lowest to the topmost rung of the operatic ladder, which she has attained ere completing her thirtieth year. Like many other eminent German singers—notably Alois Ander and Heinrich Vogl—Rosa Sucher was born in a school-house. Her father, John Hasselbeck, was the head-master of the Velbung gymnasium, in the Bavarian Palatinate; at an early age she and her brother Hans displayed such extraordinary musical capacity that their parents resolved to educate them for the profession, in which they made such rapid progress that Rosa was appointed

to the Royal Kapelle at Munich when a mere girl, while Hans carried everything before him at the Conservatoire, and attained the dignity of a Professorship when scarcely out of his teens. In 1873, Rosa Hasselbeck obtained her first engagement at the Munich Court Theatre, for small parts only, and completed her studies of vocalisation under the tuition of her brother, the Professor. Her splendid *physique* and the grand qualities of her voice made an extraordinary impression upon the Munich public; but the red tapery of a Royal theatre stood in the way of her prompt advancement, so she soon took leave of Baron Perfall, and accepted an offer of the "leading business" at the allied opera-houses of Danzig and Königsberg for the years 1874-5. During the latter year, Joseph Sucher (at that time conductor of the opera at Leipzig, and commissioned by his management to hunt up throughout Germany fresh recruits for the singing-staff of that institution) happened to hear Rosa Hasselbeck sing Elsa at Königsberg. He at once engaged her for Leipzig; moreover, he fell desperately in love with her, offered her his hand and heart, and, within a few weeks of their first encounter made her his wife. Her engagement at Leipzig lasted four years, during which time she studied all the great Wagnerian parts under her husband's direction, and became what she has been since 1880—the finest living impersonator of Isolde, Senta and Eva. When the Nibelungen Trilogy was produced at Leipzig four years ago, her noble rendering of Brunnhilde gave such intense pleasure to Richard Wagner, that he insisted upon her spending her furlough with him at Wahnfried, where she and her husband were thereafter, until the Master's death, reckoned amongst his most beloved and honoured guests. From Leipzig she went to Hamburg as Pollini's *prima donna assoluta*; and he it was who enabled the London public to take cognizance of her extraordinary talents two years ago.

THE maiden effort of a young poet ought to be treated with sympathetic consideration. The promise held forth in these early buds cannot often be rightly gauged by the most discriminating of critics; and, as the world is not overdone with poets it is safe to assume that the "killing frost" of adverse opinion should not be passed without due thought. Had Tennyson paid heed to the bitter snarls of his early reviewers, he would assuredly never have written the fine, manly, and picturesque poems which now adorn our language. Mr. Henry Davison comes before the public with a small pamphlet of poems—which, apart from their merit bear a recommendation in the very name of the author. The son, like his well-known father, is a good musician—inherits the taste for ancient lore, and shares the paternal appetite for the writings of Shelley and Keats. In a certain sense, Mr. Henry Davison has followed false idols; but the cankerous philosophy of the day may have determined the bent of his ideas. Few of us care for a poet as a distinct personality—that is to say, we really do not mind much if his big toe aches, or if some mischance has made him sick of the world. Pessimism to some natures is repugnant, and, no less, egotism blinds some senses to the appreciation of beauties which it conceals. In a word, Mr. Henry Davison, in his next volume of poems, would do well not to obtrude himself upon public notice—the thoughts of a poet are poignant, no doubt, but they interest the pathologist rather than the general reader. Symptoms of a morbid character should be—and would be, no doubt—treated with a good old-fashioned prescription of plenty of underdone beef, with pudding

to follow. This would effect an admirable and undoubted cure. That our young author has abundance of power is only too evident; and if it be at present too exuberant, speedy amendment may be looked for in that quarter. The power is obvious to those who recognise in the song, "You came from the sea with the swallows," a re-arrangement of some verses which have appeared (under a *nom de plume*) in the *Musical World*. He who can command language like this, should have a bright future before him. But it is in the *finale* to his *Opus 1* that we discern the fullest of Mr. Henry Davison's gifts. In the poem, "Caged Skylarks," breathes forth that wondrous spell of sympathy with all things living, and with all things wronged, that belongs solely to the true poet, *nascitur non fit*. The mind which forms, and the heart which dictates, such sentiments as these, will win the approval of all big-hearted people. We give the poem in full:—

"By the sooty grime and blackness of these houses,
By the fog and smoke that choke the noisy street;
By the longing that the feel of spring arouses,
By the April warmth that turns to summer heat;
By the dulness of their day that changes never,
Though the corn be greening soft where breezes blow;
By the misery of being shut up for ever,—
Let them go!

"By the weakness of their worldless song to save them
From the lonely cage we give them for their song;
By the wings to fly with, in the sky God gave them,—
Useless wings that flutter weary all day long;
By the tameless spirit like a flame keen-burning
Towards the freedom of the hills, the sands, the sea;
By our own hope of that Heaven of their yearning,—
Set them free!"

One who writes so admirably, at times, as this, cannot go very wide of the path to success.

It is a no less curious than interesting fact that, in the year of Richard Wagner's birth (1813), when his native city was suffering all the horrors of an energetic siege, a man of letters was living at Dresden who foretold the principles and foresaw the practice of the system of operatic composition which has, for the past thirty years, been identified in general opinion with the great Saxon maestro. At the time referred to, Hoffmann, universally known some years later by his extraordinary ghost-stories, had but newly taken to literature as a profession; and it was in 1813 that he wrote an admirable essay, intitled "The Poet and the Composer," which subsequently appeared in his famous work, "The Serapion Brothers." This essay takes the form of a conversation between two friends, who discuss the distinctions existing between poet and composer, and whether or not one and the same person could or should discharge the functions of both. They arrive at the important conclusion that the barriers seemingly separating poet and composer must be swept away, for that poetry and music are so closely allied as to be one in reality. "For," writes Hoffmann, "words and notes receive their highest inspiration from one and the same secret. The only true opera must be that the music of which is the direct and immediate progeny of its text. Is not music the mysterious language of a remote spiritual realm—a language, the wondrous accents of which are echoed in our utmost souls, awakening a higher and intenser vitality in it? Shimmering and sparkling, all our passions are stirred to common strife, and subside into one inexpressible longing, which expands our breast. Such is the indescribable effect of instrumental music. But music must deal with life itself and its phenomena; adorning words and deeds, it must describe definite passions and actions. Can we

speak of mean things in noble words? Can music reveal to us aught save the marvels of those regions from which it is transmitted to us? Let the poet equip himself for a bold flight to the distant land of romance; there will he find the wonders, living and glowing with brilliant colours, which he may import into actual life, so that we may willingly put faith in them; aye, so that we, as in a hallowing dream, may escape from dry, everyday existence, and wander along the flowery paths of romantic life fully understanding its language, the words of which are set to music." That these lines, scarcely less than prophetic of Wagner's endeavours to make music and poetry homogeneous, or at least to render each the necessary and irrevocable complement of the other, should have been penned by Hoffmann within a few weeks of the "happy event" that brought the greatest composer of this century into the world, was surely a strange and fortunate coincidence!

In our gigantic metropolis, still forlorn of a National Opera-house and likely to remain so, there must be uncounted lovers of the lyric drama for whom the statistical returns connected with the performances that have taken place during the past seven years at the Court Opera of Berlin cannot but be fraught with lively interest. Upon an average, the annual number of such performances has been 236; that of the operas given, 54; that of the composers represented by those works, 30. Twenty-four "principals" are engaged—for the most part for a long term of years, with pension-rights and honorific predicates—to sing the solo parts at the Hofoper; thirteen *cantatori* and eleven *cantatrici*. The largest number of performances obtained by any one German opera has been achieved by Beethoven's *Fidelio*, given fifty times within the period in question; next comes Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, given forty times; each of Wagner's seven operas on the Berlin *répertoire* was performed thirty-five, each of Weber's three twenty-seven, each of Meyerbeer's six twenty-three, and each of Mozart's eight twenty-one times. Of operas by foreign composers, Bizet's *Carmen* takes the lead, with 102 performances, followed (at a wide interval) by Goldmark's *Reine de Saba*, with thirty-four. Five of Verdi's operas were given seventeen times each per annum; three of Donizetti's, thirteen times each; two of Bellini's, three times each; the falling off in the liking of the German public for the last-named composer's works being a striking fact, possibly to be accounted for by the circumstance that the Fatherland is just now lamentably short of *prime donne* capable of singing such parts as Amina and Elvira. No works by Berlioz, Massenet or Boito have been produced at the Hofoper from 1877 to 1884. The following operas were performed twenty times each during that interval. Auber's *Fra Diavolo* and *Domino Noir*; Flotow's *Martha*, Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, and Marschner's *Hans Heiling*. Operas were brought out by the following composers, hitherto unknown to the London lyrical stage; Kreutzer, Grisar, Wuerst, Taubert, Kretschmer, Hoffmann, Abert, Ueberlée, Perfall, Klughardt and Bronsart. Amongst the operas produced which have not yet been heard in this metropolis were Rubinstein's *The Maccabees*, *Feramors* and *Nero*, Lortzing's *Undine* and *Wildschuetz*. Of 248 performances given last year, strange to say only sixteen were devoted to the works of living German composers, exclusive, of course, of Wagnerian operas. The fact seems to indicate but slender encouragement to contemporary native talent on the part of the Intendantur,

THE reign of amateur pianists would seem to have come to a close—at least in Berlin, where a young lady has been put to strange inconvenience by the officers of the law, who decide that piano-forte playing *coram publico* is a nuisance. Poor girl! She laboured on in all good faith, no doubt: but who loves to hear pianists practising. Do you, inquisitive reader?—or do I, malevolent scribe? The present writer is open to confess that he had rather sift a screen of cinders, make a dough pudding, pulverise a healthy navvy, or put his neck beneath the on-coming driving-wheel of an express engine, than listen to a maiden's piano practice. Fancy those poor, pretty fingers doomed to six hours' diurnal labour, thrashing ivory! Does not the veritable *hard work* dispel all sentiment for the music? It is an iniquity, and one might as well hope to obtain good players out of the drudges who waste power and strength over the Sonata Pathétique of Beethoven for several hours at a stretch, as we might expect to find inspiration in a painter who daubs a dozen affiliated pot-boilers per diem. Once for all, art is not slavery; as the lady who pesters the Berlinesse ears knows this to her cost.

OVERHEARD in the Celestial region of the Healtheries: "Now which do you reckon the best, an English gentleman, or a Chinese?"—"Inglee gentleman, number one man; Chinee gentleman, number one man too—on'y a lillee bit more!"

THEY say that the Chinese music is a treat—notably a movement called "The Seven Watches of the Night." A tempting title to prowlers on the Thames Embankment.

IMITATIONS OF GERMAN LAYS AND BALLADS.

"IM KUEHLEN KELLER."

(Scheffel.)

WITHIN the wine-cave's coolest vault
I sit, with cup o'erflowing,
And bravely each big cask assault
With choicest nectar glowing;
Obedient to my nod and smile
The cell'rer's keys are clinking,
He draws the wine—and I, the while,
Keep drinking, drinking, drinking!

A plaguy Dæmon haunts me—Thirst—
To conquer which strange fellow
I fill my cup with Rhenish first,
Then drink 'till I am mellow.
The whole wide world's a jest to me,
And every taper's winking;
I could not, would not hurt a flea
Whilst drinking, drinking, drinking!

And yet my thirst is fiercer grown
With ev'ry draught I've swallowed,
For joys like these must I atone—
Each joy by grief is followed!
But this I'll say, when I at last
From Life to Death am sinking,—
"My duty's done—my time I've passed
In drinking, drinking, drinking!"

W. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

IN THE PRESS.

THE NATIONAL BOOK

OF

HYMN TUNES, CHANTS AND KYRIES,

Edited by W. A. JEFFERSON, F.C.O.,

Containing more than 1000 Hymn Tunes, Chants and Kyries, by nearly 150 Composers, comprising Sir G. A. MACFARREN, Mus. Prof., Cambridge University; Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY, Bart., Mus. Prof., Oxford University; Sir HERBERT OAKELEY, Mus. Prof., Edinburgh University; Sir ROBERT P. STEWART, Mus. Prof., Dublin University; and many other eminent National Composers.

The following are amongst the features of this new work:—

1. The whole of the matter will be new, contributed by National Composers.
2. The number and variety of the Indices.
3. The section for men's voices only.
4. The extensive variety of the peculiar metres.
5. The unique arrangement of the Chant Services.
6. The valuable collection of Kyries.

A SUBSCRIPTION EDITION will be issued in which the Subscribers names will be printed; the List will close on September 30th.

Subscribers, 6s.; Non-Subscribers, 7s. 6d.

The names of Subscribers will be received by the Publishers.

PATEY & WILLIS,

44, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON, W.

Madame Patey's Autumn Tour.

SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER & NOVEMBER.

Soprani	{ Miss ANNA WILLIAMS and
Contralto	{ Miss ADA PATTERSON.
Tenor	Madame PATEY.
Bass	Mr. SIDNEY TOWER.
Solo Pianist	Mr. FRANKLIN CLIVE.
	Signor TITO MATTEI.

All communications respecting engagements for Oratorio Performances or Miscellaneous Concerts to be addressed to Mr. PATEY, 44, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.

THE LUTE can be had of all Music and Booksellers, and at the Railway Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons.

Terms of Subscription: 3s. per annum, post free. Back numbers can be obtained.

Vol. I. of THE LUTE, bound in Handsome Covers, price 3s. 6d.

Stiff Cloth Covers (Gold Lettered), for Binding the First Volume of THE LUTE, can be obtained of the Agents, price 1s. 6d. each.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office not later than the 20th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

For important reasons of a business nature, the Proprietors of "The Lute" find it expedient to issue their Journal on the FIRST instead of the 15th of each month.



THE LUTE.

LONDON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1884.

LOOKING AHEAD.

We are all glad to turn our backs upon the past season. It was so generally barren that there is some danger lest we should treat it as incapable of conveying even a lesson, and, dismissing it wholly from mind and memory, refuse to extract a single good. This would be a pity, for the season points a moral, if it do nothing else. It shows that, at present, music in England is sorely affected by a muddled, not to say chaotic, condition of public taste. As a people, we are but half-educated musically, and are finding out that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing,"—dangerous, because shedding only a partial light, strong enough to reveal various paths, but not to define the right one beyond possibility of mistake. It is a fact, we believe, that the bulk of our musical public have no settled convictions. They see the art in what appears to be a transition state, affected by the wind of many doctrines, and they stand bewildered, turning now this way, now that, incapable of deciding for themselves upon the articles of their faith. Hence there is little heartiness in the support of any form of musical enterprise. It is as though the public held aloof, waiting for more light. At any rate, nothing has prospered lately; even the comparative novelty of the "new art" ceasing to exercise the force of an attraction, and being regarded with indifference. Let me here point out how curiously the general doubt and hesitancy is reflected in English compositions, most of which, when serious pretence is made at all, show the operation of a spirit of compromise that leads only to nondescript results. Sometimes an exception presents itself, as when, for example, Mr. F. H. Cowen composes a symphony on the old classic lines. On such occasions even those of us who do not care for the old classic lines experience a grateful relief. Here, at length, is something definite, the product of an effort made on positive principles. But for the most part our musical creators try to compound opposing claims. They want to reap the advantages of all, and, holding

No.

20

"THE LUTE"

Series of Part-Songs, Anthems, &c.

SACRED.

No.		
2.	*Seek ye the Lord	J. F. Bridge, Mus. Doc. 3d.
6.	Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis	C. F. Frost 3d.
7.	* { a. This is the Day	A. R. Gaul 1d.
	{ b. Let Thy Merciful Ears	A. R. Gaul 1d.
12.	*Hark! what mean (Christ-as Carol)	Sir. A. Sullivan. 3d.
13.	*Hear, O Lord	Michael Watson 3d.
15.	Let them give thanks	W. J. Westbrook 3d.
17.	Come Holy Spirit	J. F. Barnett 3d.
18.	Lord, Remember David	W. Wesch 3d.
19.	The Lord hear thee	C. S. Jekyll 3d.
20.	*Praise the Lord, O my soul (Harvest Ant.)	M. Watson 3d.
22.	O God, Who hast prepared	A. R. Gaul 3d.
23.	*Come near ye nations (Christmas Anthem)	M. Watson 3d.
25.	Rejoice in the Lord alway	A. R. Gaul 3d.
27.	Oh, most merciful	J. F. Bridge, Mus. Doc. 3d.
29.	O Lord, Who hast taught us	W. Metcalfe 3d.
32.	Unto Thee O God	Michael Watson 3d.
33.	Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis	W. H. Hunt 3d.
35.	*Daughter of Zion (Xmas Anthem)	F. C. Maker 3d.
36.	*I will sing unto the Lord	A. H. Mann 3d.
38.	Hear me, O Lord	W. H. Dixon 3d.
40.	Awake thou that sleepest	F. C. Maker 3d.
41.	If ye love me	W. J. Westbrook 3d.
43.	Let not your heart	Rev. G. Gardner 3d.
44.	O worship the Lord	Michael Watson 3d.
46.	Blessed is the Man	T. Distin 3d.
48.	*Sing, O sing this blessed morn	Henry Leslie 3d.
49.	Blessed is he that considereth the Poor	Langdon Colborne, Mus. Doc. 3d.
51.	Thanks be to God (Easter Anthem)	William Smallwood 3d.
53.	The Lord is good	A. H. Behrend 3d.
55.	Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis	Frederick Heath 3d.
56.	Thou Crownest the Year (Harvest Anthem)	F. C. Maker 3d.
58a.	Saviour again to Thy dear Name (Anthem, Trio for Female Voices)	Kate Llewellyn 3d.
58b.	Ditto ditto ditto (For Four Voices)	Kate Llewellyn 3d.
59.	*Blessed be the Lord God of Israel (Anthem for Christmas-tide)	J. Barnby 3d.
60.	O that I had wings like a Dove	J. More Smieton. 3d.
62.	O give thanks unto the Lord (Anthem for Easter)	Michael Watson 3d.
64.	If I go not away (Anthem)	Alfred J. Caldicott 3d.
66.	Suffer Little Children	William Metcalfe 3d.
67a.	Rend your Heart	W. H. Dixon 1d.
67b.	O Lord, rebuke me not	Gaynor Simpson 1d.
68.	Great is the Lord	F. N. Lohr 3d.
69.	Teach me Thy Way	Frank L. Moir 3d.
71.	*Fear not; for behold	F. J. Sawyer, Mus. Doc. 3d.
72.	*Arise, shine, for thy Light is come (Full Anthem)	Rev. T. W. Stephenson, B.A. 3d.
73.	*Te Deum in B Flat Chas. E. Clemens, F. Gld.O., A.C.O. 3d.	
75.	*As it began to Dawn (Anthem for Easter)	G. C. Martin, Mus. Doc. 3d.
77.	*There is a Green Hill	Fred. H. Burstall 3d.
78.	*Sing to the Lord of Harvest	J. Barnby 3d.
80.	*Faithful is our God (Harvest Anthem)	J. F. Barnett 3d.

SACRED—Continued.

No.		
82.	*Not unto us, O Lord (Anthem)	Seymour Smith 3d.
83.	*There were Shepherds (Anthem for Christmas-tide)	A. R. Gaul 3d.
86.	*Now is Christ Risen (Easter Anthem)	H. Ernest Nichol 3d.
87.	*Awake up my Glory	W. G. Wood 3d.
89.	*Blessed be the Name	F. Rickman 3d.
90.	*Praise the Lord (Harvest Anthem)	F. C. Maker 3d.
91.	*Rejoice in the Lord, O ye Righteous (Festival)	A. Page 3d.
94.	Behold I bring you Good Tidings	Fredk. Peel 3d.
95.	*Arise, Shine (Anthem for Christmas)	F. C. Maker 3d.
97.	*The Lord bless you (Wedding and Festival)	Joseph Barnby 3d.
98.	*I have set God always before me (Easter)	W. Smallwood 3d.
99.	I am He that liveth	Oliver King 3d.
100.	*I will magnify Thee (Whitsuntide)	J. H. Parry 3d.
102.	From Egypt's Bondage come (Anthem in style of a March)	Arthur Page 3d.
103.	Praise the Lord, O my Soul (Harvest)	Wm. Smallwood 3d.
104.	O Sing unto the Lord (Harvest Anthem)	Turtle Lee 3d.
105.	In Thee, O Lord (Anthem)	J. R. Alop 3d.
106.	O How Amiable (Anthem)	Herbert W. Wareing 3d.
107.	*Sing unto God (Festival)	F. Bevan 3d.
108.	*Behold, my Servant (for Christmas)	Ebeneser Prout 3d.
110.	Like as the Hart, O send out Thy Light and Thy Truth	C. Locknane 3d.
111.	*If ye then be risen (Easter Anthem)	F. Osmond Carr 3d.
112.	Christ our Passover (Easter Anthem)	A. Canall 3d.
113.	Out of the deep have I called	Hamilton Clarke 3d.
114.	Behold, how good and joyful	Ferris Tozer, Mus. Bac. 3d.
115.	Harvest Hymn	Turtle Lee 3d.
116.	*Fear not, O Land (Harvest)	F. C. Maker 3d.
118.	*While shepherds watched (Pastoral Xmas)	G. C. Martin 3d.
119.	*Break forth into Joy (Christmas)	Seymour Smith 3d.
120a.	It is high time to awake	Walter Spinney 3d.
120b.	Benediction Hymn	H. Elliot Button 1d.
121.	Give sentence with me, O God	Lewis Thomas 3d.
122.	Awake, glad soul, awake (Easter)	M. B. Foster 3d.
123.	*Hallelujah! Christ is risen (Prize Anthem)	R.O. Morgan 3d.
124a.	Almighty God, who has promised	H. Elliot Button 1d.
124b.	Grant to us, Lord	H. Elliot Button 1d.
124c.	We humbly beseech Thee, O Father	H. Elliot Button 1d.
125.	How bright those glorious spirits shine	A. Page, F.C.O. 3d.

The numbers marked * may be had in Sol-fa, 2d. each.

LONDON:
PATEY & WILLIS, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W.

BOSTON: A. P. SCHMIDT, 154, TREMONT STREET.

LUTE SERIES OF ANTHEMS & PART SONGS.

SECULAR.

- No.
1. *The Lost Chord A. J. Caldicott 2d.
 3. *Violet's Fate Franz Abt 2d.
 4. Isle of Beauty A. H. Behrend 2d.
 5. *The Singers A. R. Gaul 2d.
 8. Fair Daffodils F. Peel 2d.
 9. *Who is Silvia W. Macfarren 3d.
 10. *Daybreak A. R. Gaul 3d.
 11. Rich or Poor Francesco Berger 3d.
 14. Hymn to Diana Thouless 3d.
 16. Night Michael Watson 3d.
 21. *Cobwebs A. J. Caldicott 3d.
 24. *O Night, Most Beautiful J. L. Roedel 3d.
 26. Lord Ullin's Daughter (For Male Voices) A. R. Gaul 4d.
 28. 'Twas a Trumpet's pealing sound Pearaill 2d.
 30. Joy with Roses J. Clippindale 2d.
 31. Merrily Wake Music's Measure John Barnett 2d.
 34. To Carnations W. Hay 2d.
 37. *The Gallant Troubadour Michael Watson 3d.
 39. Hail! Victoria (Jubilee Part Song) Michael Watson 3d.
 42. *A Slumber Song F. N. Lohr 3d.
 - 45a. How sweet the Moonlight (Part Song) J. G. Callcott 2d.
 - 45b. Ditto ditto (Trio for Female Voices) J. G. Callcott 2d.
 47. Boat Song F. N. Lohr 3d.
 - 50a. *Banks of Allan Water (Male Voices) Josef Cantor 2d.
 - 50b. *Home, Sweet Home (Male Voices) Josef Cantor 2d.
 52. Sweet Summer Frank L. Moir 3d.
 - 54a. *Robin Adair (Male Voices) Josef Cantor 2d.
 - 54b. *When the Swallows (Male Voices) Josef Cantor 2d.
 57. Soft Wind of Eve Samuel Reay 3d.
 61. Sunrise Michael Watson 3d.
 63. O Swallow, Prithee stay Samuel Reay 3d.
 65. The Eolian Harp F. J. Sawyer, Mus. Doc. 3d.
 70. Song of the Mountaineers Seymour Smith 3d.
 74. *The Birds are Singing Theodore Distin 3d.
 76. *Bring the Bright Garlands R. F. Ellicott 3d.
 79. *Old Mother Hubbard C. J. Frost 3d.
 - 79b. *Who killed Cock Robin Arranged by Michael Watson 3d.
 81. *O pure Delight T. W. Stephenson 3d.
 84. *Go, Lovely Rose A. King, Mus. Doc. 3d.
 85. *My Lady Wakes (Part Song) Alfred J. Dye 3d.
 88. *Hushed to rest (Part Song) F. Moir 2d.
 92. Turn Ananillis to thy Swain } J. Harper Kearlton 2d.
(Madrigal)
 93. Come o'er the Sea W. G. Wood 3d.
 96. *I dare not ask a kiss (Part Song) Arthur Page F.C.O. 3d.
 101. The Three Knights N. W. Howard-McLean 3d.
 109. Go, Zephyr, and whisper the Maid Frederick Bevan 3d.
 117. *My Love, Good Morrow Dr. J. Parry 3d.
 126. Annie Laurie (Male Voices) Josef Cantor 3d.

The Numbers marked * may be had in Sol-fa, 2d. each.

NEW BOOKS.

TEN SACRED TWO-PART SONGS.

F. Berger. 1/- net. Separate Nos. 2d. each.

DUET MANUAL.

A series of Favourite Songs. 1/- net. Separate Nos. 2d. each. Adapted to 1st and 2nd Trebles by Turlie Lee.

SIX THREE-PART SONGS FOR LADIES' VOICES.

J. L. Roedel. 1/- net. Separate Nos. 3d. each.

CANTATA. "THE WOODLANDS."

By F. C. Maker. Suitable for Schools. Price 6d.

Messrs. PATEY & WILLIS beg to call the special attention of the Profession to the following list of New Publications specially suited for Teaching:—

J. F. BARNETT.

"HOME SCENES." Album for Pianoforte. Net, 3/-.

F. BURNS.

"MARCH." In C. (Band Parts Ready).

F. BERGMAN.

"VENETIA." Gavotte. Specially fingered.

ALBERT BIEHL.

"TEN EASY OCTAVE STUDIES." Op. 140. 5/-
Very useful for Teachers.

C. GURLITT.

We would call special attention to the following Works by this Popular Composer, which have been written specially for Teaching Purposes.

"VELOCITY STUDIES FOR BEGINNERS." Op. 186. Complete, 5/-.

"SET OF VERY EASY STUDIES FOR BEGINNERS." Op. 187. Complete, 5/-.

"SIX SONATINAS." Op. 188. Each, 2/6.

"SIX STUDIES." Op. 185. Each, 3/-.

No. 1.—Octave Stave	No. 4.—Etude for Left Hand.
" 2.—Etude in 3rds and 6ths.	" 5.—" for Trille.
" 3.—" in Arpeggios.	" 6.—" for Staccato.

"MINIATUREN." Op. 172. 14 Numbers, 1/6 each.

W. H. KIRBY.

"HOW'S THAT?" Pas de Quatre.

G. LINDORF.

"CHOPIN'S MELODY STUDY."

JOSEF LOW.

"CARNEVAL'S-SCHERZE." Op. 550. (Sounds from the Carnival.) Brillantes Tonstück für Pianoforte. 4/-.

"Valse Éléante de Salon pour la Piano." Op. 560. 4/-.

"ZWEI CLAVIERSTÜCKE." Op. 569.

No. 1.—Romanze. 4/-.

" 2.—Das Glocken-Echo. (Echo of the Chimes.) Nocturne. 4/-.

ERNST J. REITER.

"MUSICAL LEAFLETS."

12 Two-page Pieces for Beginners. Each, 1/-.

No. 1.—Baccharolle.	No. 7.—Hunting Song.
" 2.—Valse.	" 8.—Mazurka.
" 3.—Rondino.	" 9.—Gavotte.
" 4.—Polka.	" 10.—Reverie.
" 5.—Rondo.	" 11.—Swing Song.
" 6.—March.	" 12.—Valsette

W. SMALLWOOD.

"DUKE OF YORK MARCH. (Illustrated).

J. DE SIVRAI.

"ROMANCE," from the Coronation Concerto.

Mozart.

LUDVIG SCHYTTE.

"THIRTY EASY AND MELODIOUS STUDIES." in progressive order, Op. 66, 30 Nos. Each, 1/6.

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.

"PRAISE THE LORD, O MY SOUL."

Harvest Anthem.

Music by

MICHAEL WATSON

Ps. 104 - 1, 13, 14.

LONDON:

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, Gt MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

Bass.

Allegro Moderato. ♩ = 100.

Organ.

p
Sw.

BASS SOLO OR CHORUS AD LIB:

mf *cres:*

Praise the Lord, O my soul; O Lord, my

cres:

God, Thou art be - come ex - ceed - - ing glorious,

ff

Praise the Lord, O my soul, O Lord my God, Thou art be-

ff

Praise the Lord, O my soul, O Lord my God, Thou art be-

ff

Praise the Lord, O my soul, O Lord my God, Thou art be-

ff

Praise the Lord, O my soul, O Lord my God, Thou art be-

ff Gt.

mf

- come ex - ceed - ing glorious, Thou art clothed with majesty, with majesty and

mf

- come ex - ceed - ing glorious, Thou art clothed with majesty, with majesty and

mf

- come ex - ceed - ing glorious, Thou art clothed with majesty, with majesty and

mf

- come ex - ceed - ing glorious, Thou art clothed with majesty, with majesty and

Full Sw.

honour, Thou art clothed with majesty, with majesty and honour.

honour, Thou art clothed with majesty, with majesty and honour.

honour, Thou art clothed with majesty, with majesty and honour. *SOLO.*

honour, Thou art clothed with majesty, with majesty and honour. Praise the Lord. *f*

Gt.

Ped.

a tempo.

wa - ter - eth the hills... from... a - - bove The earth is

a tempo.

wa - ter - eth the hills... from... a - - bove The earth is

He wa - tereth the earth The earth is

from a - - bove The earth is

a tempo.

*senza Ped.**mp*

filled with the fruit of Thy works He wa - tereth the hills, the hills from a

filled with the fruit of Thy works He wa - tereth the hills, the hills from a

filled with the fruit of Thy works.

filled with the fruit of Thy works.

p

bove.

He

bove.

He

The earth is filled with the fruit of Thy works. He

The earth is filled with the fruit of Thy works. He

f *Gt.*

bringeth forth grass, grass for the cattle and green . . . herb for the

bringeth forth grass, grass for the cattle and green . . . herb for the

bringeth forth grass, grass for the cattle and green . . . herb for the

bringeth forth grass, grass for the cattle and green . . . herb for the

service of men. He wa-tereth the hills, the hills from a - bove

service of men. He wa-tereth the hills, the hills from a - bove

service of men. He

service of men. He

Sw.

He wa-tereth the

He wa-tereth the

wa-tereth the hills, the hills from a - bove. He wa-tereth the

wa-tereth the hills, the hills from a - bove. He wa-tereth the

hills, the hills from a - bove, The earth... is filled with the

hills, the hills from a - bove, The earth... is filled with the

hills, the hills from a - bove, The earth... is filled with the

hills, the hills from a - bove, The earth... is filled with the

fruit of Thy works.

fruit of Thy works.

fruit of Thy works.

fruit of Thy works.

cres.

ff Praise the Lord, O my soul; O Lord... my God,

ff Praise the Lord, O my soul; O Lord.. my God,

ff Praise the Lord, O my soul; O Lord... my God,

ff Praise the Lord, O my soul; O Lord.. my God,

the
the
the
the

mf
Thou art be - come ex - ceed - ing glorious; Thou art clothed with majesty, with
mf
Thou art be - come ex - ceed - ing glorious; Thou art clothed with majesty, with
mf
Thou art be - come ex - ceed - ing glorious; Thou art clothed with majesty, with
mf
Thou art be - come ex - ceed - ing glorious; Thou art clothed with majesty, with

Full Sw.

ma - jesty and honour, Thou art clothed with ma - jesty, with majes - ty and
ma - jesty and honour, Thou art clothed with ma - jesty, with majes - ty and
ma - jesty and honour, Thou art clothed with ma - jesty, with majes - ty and
ma - jesty and honour, Thou art clothed with ma - jesty, with majes - ty and

honour. Praise the
honour. Praise the
honour. Praise the
honour. Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord.

SOLO. *CHORUS.*

f *Gl.*

Lord Praise the Lord, O my soul, O Lord my God.

Lord Praise the Lord, O my soul, O Lord my God,

Lord Praise the Lord, O my soul, O Lord my God,

Lord Praise the Lord, O my soul, O Lord my God,

Thou art be - come ex - ceed - ing glorious, Praise the Lord O my

Thou art be - come ex - ceed - ing glorious, Praise the Lord O my

Thou art be - come ex - ceed - ing glorious, Praise the Lord O my

Thou art be - come ex - ceed - ing glorious, Praise the Lord O my

soul, Praise, Praise the Lord!

soul, Praise, Praise the Lord!

soul, Praise, Praise the Lord!

soul, Praise, Praise the Lord!

molto rall.

ff

molto rall.

ff



No.

1 Spring
2 Summer
3 Fare
4 Autumn
5 Winter
6 To a
7 Fair
8 Night
9 Morning
10 Noon
11 Evening
12 A Po
13 The
14 The
15 Cur
16 A Sp
17 Stay
18 Day
19 End
20 Gent
21 Day
22 Song
23 Star
24 The
25 May
26 River
27 Slum
28 Dais
29 The
30 The

"THE
F
Words
Comp
"A fit
A Samp

PATEY

THE HIGH SCHOOL SERIES

OF

TWO-PART SONGS,

(Girls' or Boys' Voices).

No.		
1	Spring	H. F. Sharpe
2	Summer	do.
3	Farewell to Summer	do.
4	Autumn	do.
5	Winter	do.
6	To a Bird	do.
7	Fairy Queen	do.
8	Night	do.
9	Morning	do.
10	Noon	do.
11	Evening	do.
12	A Psalm of Life	F. Berger
13	The Rainy Day	do.
14	The Way of the World	do.
15	Curfew	do.
16	A Spring Song	do.
17	Stay at Home	do.
18	Daybreak	no.
19	Endymion	do.
20	Gentle Spring	do.
21	Daylight and Moonlight	do.
22	Song of the Waves	F. C. Maker
23	Star of Home	do.
24	The Skaters	do.
25	May-day Song	do.
26	River Song... ..	do.
27	Slumber Song	do.
28	Daisies	do.
29	The Smithy Door	do.
30	The Dewdrop and the Star	do.

No.		
31	The Fairy Glen	F. C. Maker
32	Eldorado	do.
33	The Ocean Depths	do.
34	Cherry Ripe	Turle Lee
35	Peacefully slumbering	do.
36	Heart of Oak	do.
37	Where the Bee Sucks	do.
38	Believe me, if all	do.
39	Drink to me only	do.
40	Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill	do.
41	The harp that once	do.
42	The Pilgrim of Love	do.
43	The Lass that loves a Sailor	do.
44	Bonnie Dundee	do.
45	The Minstrel Boy	do.
46	Blow, blow thou winter wind	do.
47	Jock o' Hazeldean	do.
48	Bay of Biscay	do.
49	The Bailiff's Daughter	do.
50	Come unto these yellow sands	do.
51	Evening Hymn	F. Berger
52	Thy way, not mine, O Lord	do.
53	The Message of the Flower	do.
54	Peace, be still	do.
55	Morning Hymn	do.
56	Life's Pilgrimage	do.
57	The Fadeless Light	do.
58	Nature's Voices	do.
59	Yonder	do.
60	Thy Will be done	do.

Price Twopence each.

London: PATEY & WILLIS, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W.

Boston: A. P. SCHMIDT, 154, Tremont Street.

TO CHORAL SOCIETIES.

JUST PUBLISHED.

New Part-Song,

"THE WIND AND THE OCEAN,"

For S.A.T.B., with Pianoforte Accompaniment, *ad lib.*

Words by Shapcott Wensley. Music by J. L. Roeckel.

Composed expressly for Mr. JOHN BARRETT'S Choir, Bristol.

"A fitting Companion to 'The Song of the Vikings.'"—*Review.*

A Sample Copy will be forwarded to Conductors of Choral Societies on receipt of card and postage.

PRICE 6d. NETT.

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, Gt. Marlborough St., London, W.

JUST PUBLISHED.

MERRIE OLD ENGLAND, CANTATA

FOR TREBLE VOICES.

With Accompaniment for Piano (Violin *ad lib.*)

WRITTEN BY

SHAPCOTT WENSLEY,

MUSIC BY

JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.

Composer of "The Crystal Slipper," "The Mountain Rose,"
"Mary Stuart," &c.

Price 2s. 6d.

PATEY & WILLIS,

44, Great Marlborough St., London, W.

NEW AND POPULAR ANTHEMS FOR HARVEST.

* Praise the Lord, O my soul	<i>Michael Watson</i>	3d.
	35th Edition.		
Unto Thee, O God	<i>do.</i>	3d.
	20th Edition.		
Thou crownest the Year	<i>F. C. Maker</i>	3d.
	16th Edition.		
* Praise the Lord	<i>do.</i>	3d.
	34th Edition.		
Great is the Lord	<i>F. N. Löhr</i>	3d.
	14th Edition.		
* Sing to the Lord of Harvest	<i>Sir J. Barnby</i>	3d.
	20th Edition.		
O Worship the Lord	<i>Michael Watson</i>	2d.
	14th Edition.		
* Faithful is our God	<i>J. F. Barnett</i>	3d.
	5th Edition.		
* Rejoice in the Lord	<i>Arthur Page</i>	3d.
	6th Edition.		
Praise the Lord, O my soul	<i>W. Smallwood</i>	3d.
	6th Edition.		
O sing unto the Lord	<i>Turle Lee</i>	3d.
	4th Edition.		
* Sing unto God, O ye kingdoms of the earth	<i>F. Bevan</i>	3d.
	2nd Edition.		
Harvest Hymn	<i>Turle Lee</i>	3d.
	6th Edition.		
* Fear not, O Lord	<i>F. C. Maker</i>	3d.
	6th Edition.		
Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem	<i>W. Smallwood</i>	3d.
	Just ready.		
Be joyful in God all ye lands	<i>Joseph C. Bridge, M.A., Mus. Doc.</i>		3d.
	Just ready.		

Those marked (*) can be had in Tonic Sol-fa, price 2d. each.

Sample Copies of a Dozen "Lute" Anthems, suitable for any Festival, will
be forwarded on receipt of 2s.

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON, W.

And all Musicsellers. Boston, U.S.A., A. P. SCHMIDT.



firmly on to the bank of orthodoxy, reach forward to grasp the flotsam and jetsam that the current of new-fangled ideas sweeps past. I repeat that this is but a phase of the general indefiniteness, and amateurs are, therefore, the more concerned to ask how long such a state of things is to continue. They must, however, have patience. Events will not be hurried, and no man, or body of men, though they may "rough-hew" the end, can shape it. At the same time there is no occasion for uneasiness, much less alarm. Those who have most carefully studied the past of Art, are most assured with regard to its future. Music has always known how to extract from new theories that which is good, and to reject the rest. Nay, more; it has, by some wonderful instinct, taken care to limit the application of good principles capable of doing harm when unduly developed. But if we need not fear for the future, the present remains the opposite of agreeable. A world "without form and void" cannot be good to live in.

Let us not look so far ahead as the ultimate issue of the actual position. That which is nearest us touches us most, and among the things very near indeed are the autumnal musical festivals at Worcester and Norwich. It is sometimes contended that these provincial solemnities have very little significance beyond local limits; but with that opinion, I, for one, cannot possibly agree. To my mind, the character of country festivals affords a much more trustworthy indication of public taste than do the same kind of proceedings in the metropolis. Amid the vast and mixed population of London each "ism" has supporters enough to push it into a temporary place, altogether misleading as regards its real position. In the country, nothing like this can occur. The programmes are drawn up on the spot by men more or less intimately acquainted with the musical feeling of the district, and having every inducement to cater for it quite apart from their own personal tastes. If, therefore, we find a certain class of works coming into prominence under these conditions, we may feel almost absolutely sure that it is because they are popular and called for. I confess to watching the programmes of country festivals with more interest than anything else of the same kind. They are a well-nigh infallible indicator of the way the wind is blowing in their respective districts. So regarding them, we see that a healthy curiosity concerning new and unfamiliar works is developing, without prejudice, however, to the love and reverence always shown for great standard compositions. The *Messiah* and *Elijah*—the most prominent representatives of the class just named—continue to hold their pride of place everywhere. Their popularity remains unabated, and as cards in the game of festival-giving, they are no less sure than heretofore. But the public manifest a growing interest in the new and strange. This, of itself, is an unqualified good, and evil enters only when festival managers unwisely exercise their privilege of supply. There is nothing valuable in novelty as such. It may, on the contrary, entail the direst mis-

chief. But when a new work is also a good work, the impression made and the lesson conveyed become great in proportion to the interest excited, not only by its beauty, but also by its novelty. There are, in fact, two causes operating instead of one. This consideration implies a heavy responsibility on the part of festival managers, and, with regard to the solemnities now approaching, it is pleasant to see that guarantees of merit are not wanting to the new works. We may rest well assured that, at Worcester, Dvorak's Bohemian Hymn will prove worthy of his beautiful and sublime *Stabat Mater*, which the Western amateurs will also hear for the first time; while, with respect to Mr. C. H. Lloyd's promised cantata, the composer's antecedents forbid us to anticipate its falling below the standard of festival merit. These works may safely be placed before the local public as food for their curiosity, and with no less assurance may the music-lovers of East Anglia await Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's oratorio, the *Rose of Sharon*, as well as the composition promised by Mr. Villiers Stanford. Musically speaking, the *Rose of Sharon* is, in some respects, a new departure. It presents in oratorio certain features hitherto found only in opera of a somewhat "advanced" order. Representative themes, for example, are freely employed, and the more dramatic parts of the dialogue are allied to music that assumes no recognised "form." But Mr. Mackenzie takes good care to observe, in other respects, the traditions of oratorio, airs and choruses appearing in number sufficient to gratify the most orthodox taste. No doubt the production of this work, and the less important one accepted from Mr. Stanford, will give the Norwich Festival all the distinction required, and prove worthy of a city once famous in artistic annals. Upon the fact that nearly all the forthcoming novelties are by native composers, I need not particularly dwell, since the reader must have recognised and appreciated it. I will only point to the curious conjunction of nationalities represented by the musicians in question. Mr. Lloyd is an Englishman, presumably of Welsh extraction, Mr. Mackenzie is a Scotsman, and Mr. Stanford an Irishman. This commends itself as an impartial arrangement. We have before us the United Kingdom; no member left out in the cold.

Looking ahead at opera we make out Mr. Carl Rosa very clearly; active and enterprising as ever, and drawing nearer and nearer to the goal of an established English opera. What is known of his plans for the approaching season promises well. We are encouraged to expect an English version of Massenet's *Manon*, and to look forward for a new work from the pen of Mr. Mackenzie. But the great fact is Mr. Rosa's settlement in London for a season of at least nine weeks. This implies more than a mere "look in," such as the impresario gives to a provincial town, and it means confidence on the part of a manager whose sagacity is seldom at fault. The issue will be watched with keen interest. If Mr. Rosa can make his season of nine weeks pay there is an end to all doubt concerning the regular establishment of English opera in London, and

we may see the beginning of a movement destined to build up our native lyric stage in such a manner as to leave small chance for any other. Italian opera cannot face the future with much confidence. It seems impossible of necessary reforms, and to have the old traditions ingrained in its very constitution. Mdme. Patti may, despite of all, keep it alive a few years longer, but when she quits the stage a time of peril will inevitably come. As for German opera, rumour of another season next year do not carry much weight. Indeed, unless Herr Franke can bring over some singers, it is devoutly to be hoped that he will not again tempt Fortune and inflict upon his patrons much distress. The concert outlook is altogether too vague for description or even for speculation that shall be of any value. Probably, the accustomed agencies will go to work in the usual manner, and for that amateurs must wait as resignedly as they can, hoping meanwhile that the time is drawing near when public taste shall have become more positive and decided—able and willing, that is, to pronounce sentence upon false and insufficient pretensions and to make real progress along the one road that leads to the highest good.

JOSEPH BENNETT.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON is a favourite with all classes alike, and princes and plebs conspire to render her homage. At her annual concert at the Albert Hall on the 23rd ult., the Prince and Princess of Wales were amongst the audience, and, to judge from a curiously worded announcement, amongst the attractions too. The Heir-apparent being due at the Healtheries, could only afford a small portion of his time to revel in the good things set forth by Madame Nilsson, but, nevertheless, he contrived to make a pretty good stay. The Concert itself was, like the majority of benefit concerts, of no absolute artistic importance; but the services of Mesdames Rose Hersee, Marimon, Antoinette Sterling, and Hope Glenn; Messrs. Joseph Maas, Foli, Parisotti, Santley, in addition to those of the *bénéficiaire*, must have satisfied the most exigent of amateur vocalists. Madlle. Marianne Eissler was solo violin; Mr. W. Coenen, pianist; M. Hollman, violoncellist; Mr. Cheshire, harpist; and Dr. Engel, harmoniumist. Mr. William Carter's Choir of 300 voices also assisted. Mr. Sims Reeves was positively announced, but his old enemy—hoarseness—had got him fast when the hour for singing came nigh, and so he did not put in an appearance after all. By the way, is there any truth in the report that Madame Nilsson has commissioned Signor Brignoli to collect a fund for the institution of an American National Conservatory of Music, which she herself will undertake to manage and direct? We are not jealous of our Transatlantic cousins, but we wish, nevertheless, that we could induce Madame Nilsson to remain with us—Conservatory or no Conservatory.

THE selection of operas by the management of our sole Anglo-Italian Opera Company is a puzzle. Admitting that M. Reyer is a distinguished man, and that he has worthily filled a place previously occupied by a much bigger man—Berlioz, to wit—what is there in that to lead him to dream that he can rival his predecessor not only as a *litterateur* but

as a composer? *Sigurd* may be summed up as a fairly respectably dull opera. There is abundance of attempt at imitating Berlioz, but as there is no genius to back it the result falls naturally flat. We don't say that M. Reyer is incapable of writing good music, but he has unfortunately taken as a model a personality so much grander than his own that the fable of the frog and the ox is irresistibly brought to mind. We have already been nauseated with the *Nibelungen Ring*, and arguments for and against Scandinavian myths, so that *Sigurd* does not come in anything like friendly guise. The endeavours of Mdme. Albani as Brunhilda, and of M. Jourdain, the Belgian tenor, as Sigurd, did much to redeem the character of the work from common-place; but perhaps the best played part was the Hagen of Signor de Reszke, though why the stage-management compelled him to wear those hideous striped hosen and straps is a mystery which it were vain to attempt to fathom. The love-locks of the manly wigs—or plaited pig-tails depending from the temple—were a treat to behold. They gave the typical Chinese one and a beating.

THE Verdi Theatre in Padua has at length been opened, although not, as its architects and owners had fondly hoped, under the personal patronage of the illustrious composer from whom it takes its name. Verdi was repeatedly invited to be present at the ceremonies and festivities of the inauguration day, but steadfastly declined. His last letter of refusal, addressed to the President of the Committee of Fêtes organised upon the occasion in question, is eminently characteristic of the maestro's frank and unconventional nature. "Busseto St. Agata, June, 1884.—Signor Presidente,—Having already had the honour of informing you and of emphatically assuring the admirable architect, Sfondrini, one hundred times that I cannot possibly come to Padua for the opening ceremony of the new Theatre, I am quite beside myself at being compelled to repeat this all over again; be assured, for the last time. Everything is opposed to this journey; my age, my health, and, more than all, my inclinations. Permit me to ask you; what should I do at Padua? Show myself? Get myself applauded? That is quite out of the question. I am, therefore, compelled to gratefully decline; but I trust that you will accept my written thanks, which I send herewith, as well as my heartfelt and sincere congratulations. Accept these, I beg you, and with them my excuses for non-attendance.—Your faithful Giuseppe Verdi."

Two or three Sundays ago, a popular opera having been announced at the Royal Opera-house in Pesth, the doors of that theatre had scarcely been opened when a vast number of people rushed into the house, instead of sauntering in at their ease a few minutes before the commencement of the performance, as is the wont of the theatre-going public in the Hungarian capital. As they secured their tickets they promptly hurried off to the *garderobes*, with the object of there depositing their respective wraps, hats, bonnets, &c., it being the convenient custom in all German and Magyar theatres that the public should confide its *impedimenta* to certain officials appointed to receive them, paying a twopenny fee for each article thus consigned and receiving a numbered ticket wherewith to redeem its property at the close of the entertainment. On the occasion above referred to, however, the officials in question—who, in Pesth, are of the softer sex—were not at their posts; not a *garderobière* was to be seen in the principal lobby, where the occupants of the stalls and dress-circle are wont to divest themselves, for

the time be
of disconter
raked ear,
General of
to be loit
menacing
the counter
over over
cloaks and
than the
Fully equa
case and
halves, up
numbers in
to the wra
other to th
persons th
notion tha
ing to the
magnate of
"with and
Podmanica
by the arri
whose con
than descri
Intendant-
distributin
Tom, Dick
he was m
and stowin
that purp
bleached v
with indi
acquainted
terises th
the Realm
had excell
four hours
story leak
aristocrati
maniczky,
to circum
approbatio
society in

An extre
music and
the hamme
The prices
cases ridic
value of t
tion. For
Jacques R
ness that
and music
a romance
knocked d
MS. roman
for £5 9s.
score) for
to Prince
by Donize
lished, for
Sebastian
mere baga
of Beetho
paper by
perty of M
gentleman
—the comp
"Se ardir
ture by Ro
gan d'ense
sold for s
were paid

the time being, of their outer garments. Murmurs of discontent were becoming distinctly audible to the naked ear, when Baron Podmaniczky, the Intendant-General of the Royal Opera-house, who happened to be loitering in the foyer, took in the whole menacing situation at a glance, and, gliding behind the counter of the chief *garderobe*, began to take over overcoats, hats and sticks, mantles, opera-coats and baschliks, with all the handiness and more than the civility of an experienced attendant. Fully equal to the occasion, he emptied his card-case and tore his baronial "pasteboards" into halves, upon which he set down successive duplicate numbers in pencil, affixing one moiety of each card to the wrapper consigned to him and handing the other to the said wrapper's owner. Few of the persons thus ministered to, if any, had the least notion that the active and polite *garderobier* attending to them was an Excellency, a Transylvanian magnate of high descent, and a Court official ranking "with and after" the Lord Chamberlain. Baron Podmaniczky's novel functions were soon terminated by the arrival on the scene of the upper-wardrober, whose consternation may be more readily conceived than described when she beheld the omnipotent Intendant-General encashing ten-kreuzer pieces and distributing checks to the Magyar equivalents of Tom, Dick, and Harry, whose superfluous clothing he was moreover, all unassisted, folding up neatly and stowing away in the compartments devised for that purpose. It is on record that she visibly blanched when Podmaniczky's eagle eye, gleaming with indignation, met her own; and no one acquainted with the iron despotism that characterises the administration of Royal theatres in the Realm of the Five Rivers can doubt that she had excellent reason, within the following twenty-four hours, to regret her unpunctuality. When the story leaked out, however, there was great joy in the aristocratic club of the Hatvaner-gasse over Podmaniczky, whose ready-wittedness and adaptability to circumstances were rewarded by the hearty approbation of his fellow-magnates and of Pesth society in general.

An extremely interesting collection of manuscript music and composers' autographs was brought to the hammer the other day at the Hôtel Drouot. The prices realised were uniformly low; in some cases ridiculously so, considering the high intrinsic value of the souvenirs offered to public competition. For instance, a set of original *Ariette* by Jean Jacques Rousseau, written with the painstaking neatness that characterised the philosopher's literary and musical manuscript, only fetched £6 4s.; whilst a romance in the handwriting of Meyerbeer was knocked down for thirty-seven shillings. Another M.S. romance by Carl Maria von Weber was sold for £5 9s.; one of Bellini's overtures (the original score) for £7; a baritone song by Haydn, dedicated to Prince Eszterhazy, for £7 4s.; and six nocturnes by Donizetti, three of which have never been published, for £7 5s. A *morceau d'occasion* by John Sebastian Bach, for flute and violin, went for the mere bagatelle of £7 16s.; and the original sketch of Beethoven's *Sonate Pathétique*, set down on paper by the master's own hand, became the property of M. Albert Cahen for sixteen pounds. This gentleman secured two other gems of the collection—the composers' manuscripts of Mozart's canzonet, "Se ardire e speranza," and an unpublished overture by Rossini,—for £40. The overture and a *morceau d'ensemble* of Méhul's *Valentine de Milan* were sold for sixteen shillings. Incredibly small sums were paid for autographic letters penned by the lead-

ing musicians of France and Germany; as, for instance, five shillings for a note from Meyerbeer to Scribe, commencing, "Dear Friend,—Accept my congratulations upon your new and splendid success, which adds another leaf to the luxuriant laurel-wreath encircling your brows;" six shillings for a letter from Berlioz to Deschamps, the poet; sixteen shillings for a long epistle from the pen of Nicolo Paganini. The music publisher, Brandus, purchased another of Berlioz's letters for eight shillings; notes written to friends by Hérold and Weber fetched £2 a piece; whilst £3 4s. was paid for a letter written by Bellini to his schoolfellow, Florimo, upon the subject of *I Puritani*. A somewhat better price (£12) was obtained for one of Rameau's lively and descriptive letters to the Abbé Arnaud; and M. de Saint Hilaire secured an admirable specimen of Cimarosa's brilliant epistolary style for £12 8s., the exact sum for which a note indicted in the French language by Gluck was also knocked down. Only £5 16s. was obtained for the following interesting document—"I, the undersigned, declare that I have sold the scores of my two operas, *Iphigenia in Tauris* and *Narcisse*, to M. Mathon de la Cour, upon the express condition that, should I not produce *Narcisse* upon the stage, I will reimburse to him the value of that work (agreed upon between us as two thousand francs) in money or bills of exchange, he claiming no other indemnification whatsoever. Paris, 5 May, 1779.—Chevalier Gluck." The following prices were paid for autographic letters by German composers:—Mozart (to his sister, in Italian), £22 10s.; Beethoven (to Countess Erdoedy), £14; Schumann, £1 7s.; Raff, £1. Strange that the handwriting of German composers comparatively unknown in France, like Schumann and Raff, should at a Parisian auction fetch more than double the price of letters from the pen of the greatest of all French musicians, living or dead—Hector Berlioz!

APPROPOS of autographs, that veteran musician, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, to whom the municipality of Cologne, on the occasion of his retirement from the post of "Staedtischer Kapellmeister," has granted a life-pension of £150 per annum—has formally announced his bequeathal to the city in which he has resided for so many years, of his "Stammbuch," or literary and musical album, a priceless collection of manuscripts, literary and musical, bearing the signatures of such authors, artists, and composers as, for example, Goethe, Von Humboldt, Paganini, Tieck, Grillparzer, Geibel, Cornelius, Overbeck, Scheffel, Auerbach, Lenau, Gade, Mendelssohn, Hummel, Joachim, and many others, high priests of literature and the fine arts. In the year 1827, Hummel, whose favourite pupil he was, wrote to Hiller the following interesting letter of musical definitions and advice, which constitutes one of the album's most remarkable features. "The object of Music. Its mission is to move and rejoice the heart and to delight the ear. Dry virtuosity is mere pedantry and outward show; but art, aptly combined with feeling and taste, heightens the charm of music, invests it with earnestness and dignity, and guides the artist towards his true goal. My advice to you. Model yourself, in form and plan, after good masters; but do not adopt their style, for, unless you have a style of your own, you will be condemned as an imitator, lacking in the force and spirit of originality. Be industrious, but not over hasty in your work; for what is good requires to be thought out. Take up your pen daily, lest it become strange and unfamiliar to you; but put it down at the right moment, lest labour dull your spirit instead of strengthening it to new

creative vigour. Do not give any composition to the world immediately upon completing it, but let it rest awhile; then take it in hand again, and if it expresses your feelings as satisfactorily as it did when you wrote it, send it forth in peace. Receive blame in silence, and never find fault with others. Enjoy the world whilst preparing enjoyments for it; but never forget that your watchword must be 'Moderation.' This, dear Ferdinand, is the honest advice offered to you by your affectionate teacher, John Nepomucene Hummel. Weimar, May 27, 1827."

ANY one of the countless pleasure-lovers who lately participated in the bewildering joys of Neuilly Fair might, for the modest fee of three-halfpence, have purchased the privilege of gazing upon the very spot on which—but for circumstances beyond her control—the first of living songstresses would have stood whilst realizing the wildest dream of her life-long ambition. So, at least, says M. Alphonse Quercy, the proprietor of a huge singing-booth which attracted crowds of *badauds* during the annual Fêtes de Neuilly this summer. The "spirited industrial," in question adorned the exterior of his establishment with a number of placards, setting forth in huge coloured letters the following striking and veracious announcement: "Take notice, esteemed and respected fellow-citizens, the undersigned, ever animated by a burning and inexhaustible desire to provide costly novelties and enchanting surprises for the public which honours him with its patronage, no less judicious than it is generous and, he is proud to believe, well-merited, opened negotiations with Adelina Patti a short time ago; negotiations tending towards the achievement of a purpose scarcely less than sublime, namely, to induce that transcendent artist to contribute in person to the manifold attractions of his unrivalled establishment. I have received the following letter from the Empress of Song:—'Dear and honoured friend!—To have sung at the Neuilly Fêtes would have been to set a crown of unhopèd-for splendour upon my artistic career. Alas! I am hindered from so doing by previous engagements, imprudently and prematurely concluded. Accept, respectable and amiable sir, the assurance of the profound consideration with which I remain, regretfully yours, Adelina Patti. At my Castle in the country of the Welsh, June, 1884.' It is well, citizens; or rather, it is not well; but one privilege still remains available to you, of which I exhort you to take advantage with feverish promptitude. Come hither in your thousands; enter these purlieus and look your fill, with bated breath and throbbing pulses, at the platform upon which Adelina Patti *very nearly sang*. I have done my best for you, loyally and lavishly. No man can do more. Entrance, fifteen centimes. (Signed) Alphonse Quercy, Marchand Forain." 'Tis not in mortals to command success; but if any impresario ever deserved it, that impresario's name is unquestionably the one appended to the above-quoted document.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI will be the "prima donna" in the French Divorce Court when the new law comes into force. A petition for her divorce from the Marquis de Caux will be presented to the Court on the day when the law shall be promulgated.

AMERICANS are expecting a visit from Sir Julius Benedict in the autumn. The perennial knight is intent, according to a New York paper, upon learning something from transatlantic musicians. In our ignorance, we thought it might be "the other way round."

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES.

As our readers are already aware, the next meetings of the National Eisteddfod of Wales will take place this year at Liverpool. We are pleased to notice that, notwithstanding the outcry made in connection with the Cardiff meetings in respect of the extent of the musical programme, that a large number of very interesting musical competitions have again been decided upon. The honorary officers who have charge of this department are:—Messrs. Edward Jones (Chairman), W. Evans (Vice-chairman), O. J. Rowland (Secretary), and T. Cilcen Jones, James Venmore, and Edward Jones (representatives of the executive). With reference to the chief choral competition for choirs of not less than 150 and not more than 180 voices, for a prize of 200 guineas and a gold medal, it is very gratifying to find that the executive actuated by liberal sentiments, have declared it open to all. The pieces which are to be performed are four in number, viz., (a) "Be not Afraid," Bach; (b) "Lord, Thy arm hath been uplifted," Spohr's *Fall of Babylon*; (c) "Let us sing together," Dr. Parry's *Emmanuel*; (d) "Happy and Blest," from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*.

In the second competition, which is confined to Wales and Monmouthshire, a prize of 80 guineas and a silver medal are offered for the best rendering by choirs of between 60 and 75 voices of (a) "The Lord be a lamp," Benedict's *St. Peter*; (b) "Deisyfiad am y waur," Gwilym Gwent; and (c) "Yr Ystorm," Dr. Parry. The third competition is open to all. Subjects:—"He is the Resurrection," Dr. Macfarren's *Resurrection*; "Come unto Him," Gounod. Choirs of between 50 and 60 voices, prize 50 guineas and a silver medal. The fourth choral competition is also open. It refers to the rendering by male voices, 30 to 35, of "The Martyrs of the Arena," Laurent de Rille; and the "Monk's War March," by Dr. Parry, prize 30 guineas and a gold mounted bâton. Among the other vocal competitions are the following:—Mixed voice quartette—"Blessed are they," Macfarren's *John the Baptist*, prize 5 guineas. Male voice quartette—(a) "Did'st thou e'er note at the evening hour," J. R. Alsop; (b) "The Warrior's Song," J. L. Hutton, prize 5 guineas. Duett (tenor and bass), "Mighty Jove in Golden Shower," Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, prize 4 guineas. Soprano solo, "Softly sighs," Weber's *Der Freyschütz*, prize 4 guineas. Contralto solo, "Slumber song," from Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*, prize 4 guineas. Tenor solo, "Fra Poco," from Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, prize 4 guineas. Bass solo, "O ruddier than the cherry" (Handel), prize 4 guineas. Pennillion singing will not be forgotten. There will be competitions on each day for prizes of 2 guineas, but winners will not be permitted to re-enter competitions. For the four (S. A. T. B.) who will sing best at first sight an original part-song (optional in O. N. or Tonic Sol-Fa), prize (presented by Alderman Samuelson), 5 guineas. The adjudicators in the above contests will be Sir George Macfarren, Mr. John Thomas, Dr. Parry and Mr. D. Jenkins.

Instrumental Competitions.—Pianoforte solo (for seniors), "Polacca in E," Weber, prize 4 guineas; pianoforte solo, "Fragment and Bourée in C," Bach, arranged by Rockstro, prize 2 guineas (for juniors under 14 years old); pianoforte solo, fantasia, "Jenny Jones," J. Skeaf, Liverpool (for children under 12 years old, of Welsh parents), prize 1 guinea; harmonium solo, fantasia on "Irish Airs," Jude, prize 4 guineas; string quartette, Beethoven's "Quartette in G," Op. 18, No. 2, prize 5 guineas; cornet solo, "Champion Polka," composed for the Eisteddfod by H. Round, prize 3 guineas; trombone

solo, "Tro harp solo, " under 18 years, "Pen Harper), pri the Violini violoncello guineas; flu The adjud Thomas, W Thomas, H Composi £50, given Association best sonata for the mus accompani to occupy n £10 is offer male voices soprano solo solo. Adju Richards, D The brass will be Mr. Guards (Bl interest. T a selection f First prize, fifth, £7; si fined to W Spohr's *Last £20; second*

F CARDIFF.— which show the propose a financial £4528 os. 1 the course Thomas, dir mittee, in pr point out t guarantee f to £1,395 guarantors generously Exhibition possible, so balance-she a serious n disbursement lectures, and organ, £59 COTT.— Castle, Brid Rev. E. G. J. Bridgend. Abercarn. than 80 voi Bridgend U choir, condu the chief v Rhondda; Cynwyd," C

solo, "Trombone Polka," Boulcort, prize 3 guineas; harp solo, "The Ash Grove, with variations" (for persons under 18 years of age), prize 4 guineas; Welsh triple harp solo, "Pen Rhaw, with variations" (Parry's Welsh Harper), prize 3 guineas; violin solo, "Andante" (from the Violin Concerto), Mendelssohn, prize 3 guineas; violoncello solo, "A Reverie," Emile Dunkler, prize 3 guineas; flute solo, "Andante," Molique, prize 3 guineas. The adjudicators in this department are Messrs. John Thomas, W. H. Jude, J. Skeaf, Walter Burnett, E. W. Thomas, H. Round, and V. L. Needham.

Compositions. Eight prizes are offered. The chief, of £50, given by the Council of the National Eisteddfod Association, and confined to natives of Wales, is for the best sonata in four movements; a prize of £20 is offered for the musical setting of a Psalm in Welsh, with an accompaniment for both pianoforte and harmonium, and to occupy not less than thirty minutes in its performance; £10 is offered for a funeral anthem, £10 for a glee for male voices, and four prizes of £5 are offered for a soprano solo, a contralto solo, a tenor solo, and a baritone solo. Adjudicators—Dr. Stainer, Mr. J. Thomas, Mr. B. Richards, Dr. Parry, and Mr. D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac.

The brass band contests, in which the sole adjudicator will be Mr. Charles Godfrey, bandmaster of the Horse Guards (Blue), are being looked forward to with special interest. The first contest (open to all) will consist of a selection from Wagner's *Rienzi*, arranged by H. Round. First prize, £40; second, £25; third, £15; fourth, £10; fifth, £7; sixth, £3; total, £100. Second contest (confined to Wales and Monmouthshire). Selections from Spohr's *Last Judgment*, arranged by H. Round. First prize, £20; second, £15; third, £10; fourth, £5; total, £50.

FROM THE PROVINCES.

CARDIFF.—A balance-sheet has at length been issued which shows that the Fine Art Exhibition held in aid of the proposed Royal Cambrian Arts Academy was not a financial success. The expenses are set down at £4,528 os. rd., and the actual loss at £1,557 9s. 4d. In the course of a statement on the subject, Mr. T. H. Thomas, director of the undertaking, says:—"The committee, in preparing this approximate balance-sheet, would point out that in as much as the loss exceeds the guarantee fund, which in the aggregate amounted only to £1,395 5s. od., it is desirable that those of the guarantors who have not already placed the amounts generously promised by them to the credit of the Exhibition Account should do so with as little delay as possible, so that the account may be closed and a balance-sheet provided at an early date." This, of course, is serious news for the guarantors. We notice that the disbursements include, among other items, "By music, lectures, and entertainments, £697 6s. od.; and hire of organ, £59 16s. od."

CORRY.—An Eisteddfod was held in the ruins of Coity Castle, Bridgend, on the 7th ult. The chairman was the Rev. E. G. Jones, and conductor the Rev. Oscar Owens, Bridgend. The musical adjudicator was Mr. D. Brown, Abercarn. For the prize of £14, offered for the best rendering of "Worthy is the Lamb," by choirs of not less than 80 voices, three choirs, viz., Bethania (Maesteg), Bridgend United, and Pencard competed. The Bridgend choir, conducted by Mr. J. Jenkins, took the prize. Among the chief vocalist prize takers were Miss S. E. Parker, Rhonda; Mr. D. W. Lewis, Briton Ferry; "Eos Cynwyd," Gwilym Taf, &c.

POEMS FROM MUSIC.—VI.

FOREST SCENES:

THE HAUNTED SPOT.

(SCHUMANN'S *Waldscenen*: *Verufene Stelle*.)

THE breezes shiver when they pass by it,
There is a deadly something in the air;
Wild mice that love the tree-roots, birds that flit,
You never see them there.

The trees start at the shadows as they cast,
And tremble in faint sunlight guiltily;
Some gloom of the inexorable past
Lies on them heavily.

No road leads to it, but you turn aside
Out of the pleasant path, and passing thro'
Dense thickets where the trampling footsteps guide—
The foul thing stares at you.

Suddenly out of shadow starts the thing
Before the very pausing of your feet:
Lies there a great green pool unquivering—
Corruption's counterfeit.

The stagnant waters stir not, void of life;
The thick unmoving mass of green outlies;
If any tempest whirled the depths to strife
What loathliness might rise?

The bushes slide down shudderingly the bank
As if the horror fascinated them;
Stalks, stems and leaves lie fall'n, where maybe sank,
Once, more than stalk or stem.

They say the place is haunted: long ago
The pool was ghastly, and the fame of it
Passing from brain to brain took fashion so—
Folk having little wit.

—The cries, they say, the cries and sighings heard,
Moanings and fearful screams upon the night!
Passing at dark some saw, themselves averred,
They knew not what dread sight!

Being strayed, and wandering thither all unknown,
Suddenly the green pool gaped: and then, they said,
Lights flashed, the green pool gurgled with a moan,
Trembled:—they, trembling, fled.

ARTHUR W. SYMONS.

PUT thy faith in Yankee ingenuity. An American pianoforte maker has invented an instrument of a most peculiar kind, somewhat suggestive of the Siamese twins. It is a double piano with two keyboards, so arranged that the players will sit facing one another, while the *table d'harmonie* will be common to both.

At a festival in Memphis, where Madame Nilsson appeared, a local paper says that the audience "gave her four cheers, three of them for glory and one to sit in." Its opinion of Mr. Thomas is that "you can't monkey with Theodore; he is loaded." American papers should be compelled to print a glossary and explanatory notes at the end of their very original articles.

FORRÉ FRERES, two clever Frenchmen have invented a kind of harp, made entirely of wood, the base being of oak, and twigs of American fir performing the office of strings. The player upon this fantastic instrument must wear leather gloves, previously rubbed over with rosin. With a compass of eight octaves, the new harp is said to possess surprising purity of tone and sweetness of sound.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MOZART'S "TWELFTH MASS."

To the Editor of THE LUTE.

DEAR SIR,—Thanks for inserting my letter in *re* the *Twelfth Mass*, also for your courteous remarks thereon. I freely admit your arguments have staggered me, although I don't say that I am quite convinced. You say (of the *Mass*), "The style was that of the day;" and if you mean that the plain, somewhat severe style of Palestrina and his followers had by degrees expanded into something of an infinitely more florid description, I quite agree with you; but I don't hold that the elegant melodious style of Mozart and Haydn was anything like *equally* shared by their contemporaries, nor do I suppose that is your opinion. Imitators they doubtless had, but few who came near them. You speak of Süssmayer's imitation of Mozart's style in the "Requiem" Mass—a strong case, certainly—but Süssmayer was a pupil of Mozart, knew his manner perfectly, attended upon him in his last moments, and probably possessed his master's *outline* for the movements he wrote. With regard to the different *numbers* given by Simrock and Novello to this Mass, it seems to me to prompt the question, "Did *Mozart* number his own Masses, and if so, how did either of those publishers come to alter them?" Or if he did not number, who did? To my mind the omission of this Mass in Breitkopf and Härtel's edition is perhaps the strongest reason of all for doubting its authority. That artistic and public-spirited firm has, in my opinion, laid the entire musical world under a deep load of obligation by the beautiful, accurate, and complete editions of the great masters they have issued. I fear the authorship of this Mass will remain an unsolved problem, but, as I said before, it is *worthy* of Mozart.

Faithfully yours,

D. BAPTIE.

REVIEWS.

WILLIAM REEVES.

Church Music in the Metropolis; Its Past and Present Condition, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By Charles Box.

THIS is a discursive book, with contents badly arranged. The title, moreover, is misleading, because the author confines his attention almost entirely to Churches in the City proper. Nevertheless, those who take an interest in the subject may obtain much information from Mr. Box's pages, and they will certainly read with avidity his lively remarks on Psalmody, the Psalter, Hymn-books, the Organ, and kindred subjects. We have no space for a critical notice of the contents, but readers may take our word for the fact that money spent in purchasing this book has not been thrown away.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Part-Writing, or Modern Counterpoint. By Henry Hiles, Mus. Doc., Oxon.

THE author of this work strikes vigorously in his preface at the learning of the fathers, and says that in no branch of study is there "a greater need of light and perspicuity than in the teaching of what is still—most absurdly—called 'Counterpoint.'" The book, therefore, supplies a want. We are to lay by Albrechtsberger, Cherubini and the rest, to sit at the feet of Mr. Henry Hiles and have our minds purged of "exploded views." We will not deny that the pages before us contain sensible and valuable hints, but we are bound to contend that no pupil

would acquire the art of part-writing therefrom. The directions are too loose and superficial.

WEEKES AND CO.

A Manual of Harmonies for the Gregorian Tones, with an Appendix. By J. W. Hinton, M.A., Mus. Doc.

THIS little work is adapted for much usefulness. How often has the amateur writhed under the infliction of utterly incongruous harmonies employed by unreflecting organists in accompaniment of plain song! Nothing is more common; we may add, nothing is more painful to good taste. Dr. Hinton here supplies harmonies which are, at least, in keeping—that is to say, grave, dignified and strictly contrapuntal. Every organist in whose church the Gregorian Tones are used should obtain the book.

CRAMER AND CO.

How to Excel in Singing and Elocution. A Manual for Lady Students. By Jessie Murray Clarke.

OUR authoress has given her little manual a very pretentious title, which the contents do not exactly justify. These forty-six small pages contains hints merely, but many are valuable and may do good service in their present form and place. Miss Clarke writes in a sensible fashion and we have much pleasure in recommending her book for general circulation among lady amateurs. By the way, lady amateurs are strongly advised to leave off tight-lacing. We are happy to support that counsel, as absolutely necessary to the end in view.

LAMBORN COCK.

Reveries Characteristiques for the Pianoforte. Composed by Claudius Coudery.

Reveries Characteristiques is a compound neither French nor English; the first word without the circumflex accent being English, and the second word French. Why composers follow this foolish polyglot fashion, as though the English tongue were incapable or unworthy. The volume contains twelve pieces, of varied character, and easy enough to lie within the means of very moderate players. Without being original, or communicating familiar ideas in a new manner, their effect is graceful because the themes are melodious and the harmonies natural. The amateur player will here find a good deal to interest him.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

On the River. Song. Words and Music by Michael Watson.

A SONG of tender sentiment, suggested by contrast between an ever-flowing stream and the capricious current of human life. Both words and music are melodious—none the less so for being simple in their character and direct in their purpose.

The Bridge to Heaven. Song. Words by Arthur Chapman. Music by Frederic Bevan.

A CHILD desiring to climb to Heaven by a rainbow scrambles up the rock on which it seems to rest, falls, and is killed. The song before us tells this story in the most unaffected manner, and not without musical strength. A really expressive singer could make much of it.


Three Men of Plymouth Town. Song. Words by Malcolm Watson. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott.

MR. CALDICOTT is always happy when dealing with humorous legends, and here we have a droll story set forth in capital style. As there is not an atom of vagary either in words or music, "The Three Men of Plymouth Town" are eligible for good society, the decorum of which they would enliven without disturbing.

POET'S CORNER.

SINGERS OF THE MYSTIC CLIME.

I.

 singers of the mystic clime,
Ye are not far away;
For sweetly to my spirit's ear
Come angel-songs to-day;
And gently o'er my weary heart—
Storm-tossed and tempest driven—
Ye pour the balm of healing sounds,
The melodies of Heaven.

II.

Oh, not beyond the distant stars,
The homes of those we love;
And never on a far-off shore,
And never far above,
But ever present at my side
The dear ones walk along,
To guide my feet in surer ways,
And cheer me with their song.

III.

I cannot touch their hands, I know,
Their forms I cannot see;
But still I hear their music sweet,
And still they walk with me;
I follow where their voices lead,
While earthly sounds grow dim;
The dear Lord's messengers are they,
To bring me up to Him.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

THE Committee of the Costa Testimonial Fund held a meeting on the 28th ult. to consult as to the disposal of the moneys.

A FRENCH bandmaster has been sent out to Japan to superintend and organise the military bands of the Mikado's army.

MADAME HALEVY, widow of the composer, died last week at Saint-Germain-en-Laye. She was in receipt of a Government pension of 3,000 francs.

MADAME JENNY VIARD-LOUIS's curiously-named "meetings" for the recital of Beethoven's pianoforte works, will be resumed on the nineteenth of November.

AN expurgated version of *William Tell* carefully stripped of any aspirations towards freedom and popular rights, has been performed at St. Petersburg under a new title and with a new libretto.

VIENNA has at last decided to pay fitting honour to the remains of Beethoven and Schubert. Hitherto the great musicians have lain in a dirty and neglected graveyard in Waehring, which has been closed for the last seven years. Beethoven's resting place was shown merely by a stone slab, pyramid shaped, with the word "Beethoven" upon it in gilt letters; Schubert's was marked by a bust and by the unworthy epitaph, "Musical art has buried here a rich possession, but still brighter hopes." All this is to be changed. The Municipality has resolved to transfer the remains to the Central Friedhof, a large new cemetery just outside Vienna, and monuments will be provided for the graves of Beethoven and Schubert by the Society of the Conservatoire and the Vienna Maennergesangverein respectively. The ceremony will in all probability form the occasion of a grand festival.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are being raised for a monument to be erected at Entin to the memory of Carl Maria von Weber. It will be inaugurated on the 18th December, 1886, the one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

QUESTION at a recent musical examination: "What is an interval?" Answer (by a young lady): "It is that space of time allowed for refreshment between the acts of an opera and the two parts of a concert."

A CONTEMPORARY (of course American) says that Madame Sarah Bernhardt is learning to play the flute. Strangers, it adds, have some difficulty in making out at first which is the flute and which is Sarah. This is unkind.

ON the occasion of the Republican fête of the 14th of July, only two French musicians figured among the long list of promotions and nominations in the Legion d' Honneur. M. Saint-Saens was promoted to the rank of *officier*, and M. Delaborde was made a *chevalier*.

BELLINI's grandson committed suicide at Nice about a week ago, by throwing himself out of a fourth story window in the Hospital St. Roch. He would seem to have been singularly unfortunate in his career. Being destined for the bar, his legal studies were cut short by the growing poverty of his family, and he was compelled to abandon his chosen profession for the trade of a shoemaker. These reverses would seem to have preyed upon his mind, already affected by illness.

M. EDOUARD COLONNE furnishes the *Ménestrel* with an account of the doings and earnings of the Association Artistique of Paris, which has just attained its tenth birthday under his management. During its lifetime it has given two hundred and thirty concerts, and produced one hundred and eighty new works by living composers. Furthermore, the profits for the past year have reached the respectable total of seventy-nine thousand francs, or more than three thousand pounds.

WE are glad to be able to contradict in the most emphatic manner the statement that Mr. D'Albert's original name was Higgins. Even a superficial observer could see at a glance that Herr Eugen D'Albert could have nothing in common with a patronymic not only common and unromantic, but English. We are happy to give publicity to this statement in the interests of truth, and also out of consideration for the feelings of the young gentleman as a foreigner and an artist.

WE hear that Bayreuth is already making active preparation for the reception and entertainment of the artists and ticketholders expected to arrive in "the City of the Muses on the Red Main" a few weeks hence. It is also stated that the sale of vouchers for this summer's performance of *Parsifal* equals that of last year. Wahnfried, Wagner's renowned villa, has assumed a somewhat more cheerful aspect than it wore during the 1883 season. Daniela von Buelow-Brandt and her young husband are staying there with her mother, Frau Cosima, who has of late become visible to her friends at intervals, and shows symptoms of taking some interest in coming musical events at Bayreuth. Should the "Festival-Tone-Plays" achieve the expected pecuniary result this year, in all probability *Tristan and Isolde* will be produced at the theatre on the hill next summer. *The Nibelung's Ring*, however, cannot be revived upon the boards of the Festival Playhouse, where the Trilogy was first introduced to the general public, until July, 1889, such being one of the stipulations in the agreement entered into between Herr Angelo Neumann and the heirs of the late Richard Wagner.

NEW SONGS PUBLISHED BY PATEY AND WILLIS.

- //////////
- "The Keepsake." Song. In G, A and C 4s.
Sung by Mme. Patey.
Music by F. H. COWEN. Words by Adelaide Proctor.
- "Sister Agnes." Song. In D 4s.
Sung by Mme. Patey.
Music by LOUIS DIEHL. Words by Harold Wynn.
- "Cavalier's Farewell." Song. In E \flat 4s.
Sung by Joseph Maas.
Music by HERMANN KLEIN. Words by Herbert Bennett.
- "On the River." Song. In B \flat and C 4s.
Music and Words by MICHAEL WATSON.
- "Simple Jack." Song. In C 4s.
Sung by the Composer.
Music by FREDERICK BEVAN. Words by Arthur Chapman.
- "Bridge to Heaven." Song. In F 4s.
Sung by Mme. Worrell.
Music by FREDERICK BEVAN. Words by Arthur Chapman.
- "Voices of the Woods." Song. In F, G and B \flat 4s.
Sung by Mme. Patey.
Music by RUBINSTEIN. Words by Michael Watson.
- "Three Men of Plymouth Town." Song. In E \flat 4s.
Music by A. J. CALDICOTT, Words by T. Malcolm Watson.
- "The Child and the Shadow." Song. In E 4s.
Music by ALICE BORTON. Words by T. Malcolm Watson.
- "Happy Eyes." Song. 4s.
Music by JULES DE SIVRAI. Words by Mary Mark Lemon.
- "My Lass and I." Song. In F and G 4s.
Music by MICHAEL WATSON. Words by A. C. Jewett.



The above New Compositions have been prepared for the coming season and are now ready.